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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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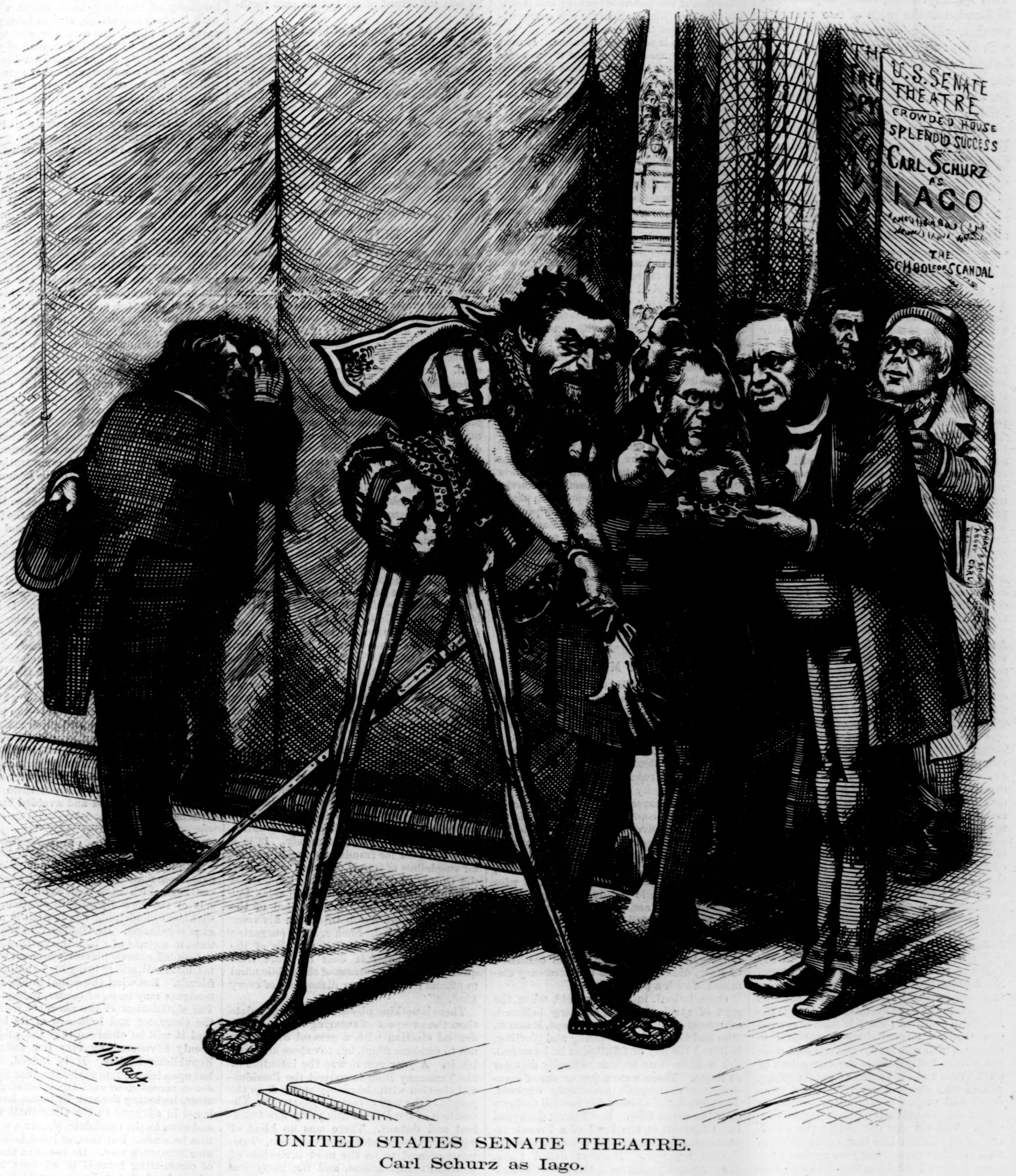

THE
SPY
U.S. SENATE THEATRE
CROWDED HOUSE
SPLENDID SUCCESS
CARL SCHURZ AS IAGO
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT CARL
Th. Nast.

UNITED STATES SENATE THEATRE.

Carl Schurz as Iago.

Iago (studying his part). "I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety"......

......"Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now."—Shakspeare.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 30, 1872.

DORÉ'S LONDON.

☞ The publication of this magnificent Pictorial Serial will be commenced in the Supplement sent out without extra charge with Harper's Weekly for April 13. Each number will be adorned with many beautiful and interesting illustrations by Doré, the greatest living master of the Picturesque in Art, with entertaining descriptions and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by Blanchard Jerrold. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out gratuitously with Harper's Weekly; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is sent out gratuitously a handsome Eight-page Supplement, containing a splendidly illustrated article on

HUNTING IN INDIA,

and a large amount of very interesting miscellaneous reading matter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In the "Presidential" year the March election in New Hampshire usually prefigures that of November in the whole country. And this is not a mere coincidence. In a closely balanced State the condition of political feeling in the spring is not likely to change before the autumn, except for very serious reasons, and it may be expected that the majority in March will be proportionately greater in November. Moreover, nothing indicates public feeling so surely as an election. Eloquent orators and able editors, by sharp criticisms and vehement declarations, bravely assuming to speak for the people, will often create an impression that public opinion is very different from what it really is. But an election corrects such errors. It is the people speaking for themselves—not always wisely, not in every case, honestly. But there is no other way of ascertaining public feeling which, upon the whole, is so satisfactory, notwithstanding the part played by fraud, ignorance, and selfishness, as a general election. What, then, may fairly be called the moral of the New Hampshire election?

In the beginning of the fourth year of an Administration which has been attacked with unsparing rigor; which has been denounced as phenomenally corrupt and base; the head of which has been derided as sordid, ignorant, and incompetent, the tool or the accomplice of a band of thieves; an Administration of which many of the chief officers have been accused of betraying the honor of the country; which has been arraigned by several of the most conspicuous of its party friends; which has been daily assailed by the chief party journal; and to defeat the continuance of which organized measures have been taken to produce a party schism—in the fourth year of an Administration of which it has been contemptuously alleged that all the representative men of its party had abandoned it, leaving it to the paid support of camp-followers and bummers—the people of New Hampshire have emphatically declared their confidence in the Administration, and their total disbelief of the injurious charges incessantly urged against it.

A short time since we ventured to say that a reaction in favor of the President and his Administration would certainly follow the persistent and often malignant assaults that abounded upon every side. Unless the American political theory is wholly erroneous, there is an enlightened public conscience which constantly surveys and, upon the whole, justly judges the characters of public men and the course of public affairs. A man who observes only individual ignorance and prejudice may often wonder in whom that conservative public sagacity resides. When a war comes like the rebellion, or an election like that of '64 or '68, or an appeal like that of last year against Tammany in New York, he is forced to say, with Talleyrand, that all men are wiser than any man. The test of leadership is the instinct which sees the fact through the appearance. Common leadership was that of Fernando Wood trying to send arms to the rebels to slay loyal citizens. The situation seemed to show that to be the winning side. Uncommon leadership was that of Abraham Lincoln emancipating the slaves.

Now this public conscience saw General Grant called, four years ago, from the field in which he had saved a nation and the hope of liberty to be the chief civil magistrate of this country. It knew very well that he had no especial training for the office, but it relied upon his honesty, his sagacity, and his courage. It saw always his plain purpose to administer his great trust for the highest public welfare. It saw the debt steadily reduced and taxation diminished. It saw difficult foreign relations managed with equal temper and good sense. It saw an Indian policy at once original, sagacious, and beneficent, inspired by justice and humanity. It saw the work of reconstruction formally completed, and a faithful and wise friendship for the race which had been so long outraged. It saw greater economy and fidelity in the collection of the public revenues; and it saw also that the Chief Magistrate was surrounded by a cabinet beyond reproach.

Meanwhile it saw also mistakes. It saw, as we believe, many things that it was sorry to see. Officers were sometimes appointed whom, although the Senate confirmed, the best public opinion did not approve; and some officers remained when the same opinion thought that they should have been removed. But the good sense of the country saw that if there were evil traditional systems which could not be broken by a word or an act, and that if sometimes the President had been ill advised, yet that his Administration must be judged as a whole, and could not be condemned because of some doubtful or notorious officers. It knew also that a lie travels a league while truth is pulling on its boots, and that while it is always difficult to know the exact facts when sides are hotly taken, yet that whatever the abuses of the civil service, it was not only steadily improving, but that its systematic improvement had never received from any Administration such careful consideration as from that of General Grant.

The result of this close observation of the Administration is apparent in the New Hampshire election. The failure of the prolonged and bitter attack upon it is equally plain. The President and the Administration were the Republican platform, and the result is a vote of confidence. It shows that the people do not believe that parties should be dissolved, and the higher welfare of the country abandoned to a scrub-race of new organizations. It shows a profound conviction that the defeat of the Republican party, under whatever fair name and fine promise and by whatever coalition that defeat should be secured, would be a peril not to be tolerated. It shows, in fine, that in the judgment of the people of New Hampshire, who may be fairly taken as the representative of the great mass of intelligent and loyal American citizens, the President and his Administration have been tried in the balance and not found wanting.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

In the dead old Italian city of Pisa, which Disraeli describes as characterized by elegant melancholy, the most melancholy career of the time recently ended in the death of Joseph Mazzini. The story of his life is profoundly sad, for he pursued a purpose which was evidently hopeless. His ideal was an Italian republic. His dream was a political fraternity which should sway the world by the eloquence of noble example, as imperial Rome controlled it by brute force. But it seemed never to have occurred to the solitary enthusiast that a political fraternity which shall be both great and good can be composed only of intelligent, thoughtful, self-restrained persons trained to the wise conduct of public affairs. A republic to sway the world can not be improvised. It does not spring full panoplied from an ardent thought, from a fervent hope. It builds itself slowly and upon sure foundations. But where, in the actual condition of Italy, did Mazzini see the necessary elements of such a power?

Once, indeed, in the year 1848, when the gust of revolution and, as many believed, of regeneration, swept over Europe, Mazzini, who had been long conspiring and plotting, believed the day of fulfillment had dawned. For a little time he was virtually dictator at Rome. There were a few weeks of inexpressible excitement generously directed. The morning of a better day seemed to dawn over the seven hills. But France darkened it. Oudinot, at the head of a French republican army, summoned the capital of the Italian republic. Mazzini defied them. Many ardent young men, the flower of Italian youth—among them the Marquis D'Ossoli, the husband of Margaret Fuller—stood fast at his side. But there was no popular response. Even the members of the Assembly quailed. And when the French were entering the city Mazzini besought the representatives to hasten to the barricades. They sat silent and unyielding. "But you swore to die in defense of the republic," indignantly exclaimed the fiery orator; and he left them to take his place in the defenses. But it was too late, and the French entry was virtually unopposed.

From that moment Mazzini was an old, broken-hearted man. He did not, however, relinquish his agitation; but there is nothing more pathetic in literature than the sentences in which he virtually expresses his despair of the human race. Those who remember him in London after the days of '48 recall a face of unbending and melancholy gravity; a figure clothed in black, even without the relief of a white collar; and a manner of the utmost courtesy and sweetness. Those who knew him intimately attested the simplicity of his life and the purity of his purpose. Yet, like all fanatics, or men animated by a sole outward object, he was intolerant of all but his own methods.

A man of genius and of ideal patriotism, he gave his life to his country as truly as if he had died for her upon the battle-field. Italy has had many faithful children, but none of a more passionate and absorbing devotion than Mazzini. Many of them also have seemed to serve her more wisely and effectually than he. But who can justly measure the value to a nation, as to men and the world, of the spectacle of a life so unselfish, and a fidelity so absolute to the fraternal republic? Italy may well be as proud of Mazzini as she is of Garibaldi and Cavour.

ERIE ALSO.

As the scandals of the Erie Railroad were part of the huge Tammany corruption, it was to be expected that the company could not escape the influence of the revolution. And while the project for the repeal of the infamous Classification act was pending in the Legislature, a movement in the board of directors resulted in shaking off the malign power which that act had fastened upon the road. It would be interesting to know the reflections of the Governor in these days upon this and other subjects. He made a speech after his last election in which the blessings of Democratic supremacy in the State were set forth. Those blessings were demonstrated in the revelations of Tammany frauds which produced the great municipal revolution, as they had been already shown in the Classification act which Mr. Tweed's Legislature passed and which Mr. Tweed's Governor signed. The monstrous truth in regard to that act has not changed. At the time of its passage it was the same outrage upon honesty and vested rights that it is now universally acknowledged to be. The facts were fully known. Some of the more important of the Governor's party organs appealed to him. But a dire fate forced him, and he made the bill a law.

The recent action of the board was undoubtedly in some respects revolutionary. But it was so plainly sustained by the public opinion most interested that there was but a brief protest. And like the governments which most revolutions immediately bring into power, the direction chosen must be regarded as temporary. Indeed, before this paper is issued it is to be hoped that the Legislature will have authorized the rightful owners of the property to select their own managers. Meanwhile, like the municipal revolution of last November, the overthrow of the Erie gang is another evidence of the purpose of the spirit of inquiry and reform which now animates the country. This is a jubilee year of honesty. It is a very bad year for frauds of every kind, and for suspicions of fraud. In the Congress of the United States not only are committees appointed to investigate upon all sides, but the edifying spectacle is presented of the Hon. Fernando Wood lifting up his voice for "purification." Such zeal for purgation was never known. And it will be of the highest service if it does no more than quicken the sensitiveness of the public mind to official irregularity or dishonesty of every kind.

There is nothing pleasanter to contemplate than the prospect of entering upon a Presidential election with a general disposition not to condone fraud, but to expose and punish it. A year ago it was the intention of the Tammany Ring to control the Presidential election with the money stolen from the people in the way revealed by Garvey. The position of the Democratic party was truculent and defiant. There was no bleat of "passivity"—no whisper of coalition. Tammany seemed to be the most invincible of political organizations, and the party was confident of success. But from the moment the enormous truth of the corruption of Tammany was made public, so that nobody could doubt, the Democratic party has been paralyzed. With Tweed and the Ring fell its last hope of success. Honesty and reform will be the watch-words of this year's national election, as they were of the municipal election last year. And that party from which honesty and reform may most justly be expected will win "a famous victory."

THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

The New Hampshire election must have a very sober aspect for the Democratic leaders. They have been for some months as quiet as a cat at a mouse-hole. Their hope has been the flame of discord which they saw among Republicans, and their only policy has been to breathe gently the word "passivity" to fan the flame. They have evidently thought that the disposition of certain Republicans to attempt a new organization might be most advantageously encouraged by a system of smiles and nods and winks, which would have been more effective except for the singular and amusing infelicity of the New York *World*, which, with the best intentions, always betrays its party at a pinch, like a robber who wakes the household by shouting instead of whispering. The *World* has varied its hints of passivity and coalition, and other agreeable policies, by occasionally vociferating that Liberal Republicans had no alternative but to join the Democracy, and that at Cincinnati the Democracy would merely sit in the gallery as a sympathizing spectator.

But the result in New Hampshire must show the Democratic leaders very plainly that a Democratic success next November is hopeless. Parties, indeed, do not dissolve in a day; but in this country a political party can hardly survive a dozen years of constant defeat and exclusion from power. Not only have the principles and the policy of the Democratic party been steadily condemned, but it is covered with such suspicion that its professions are not regarded. For parties are not like business partnerships which to-day deal in cotton and to-morrow in crockery. If a party whose principles have been repudiated, whose measures have been rejected, and whose candidates are paralyzed by the very political name they bear, persists in maintaining its organization, it continues to give reason for suspicion, and it can not hope, under its old name and with its old organization, to recover power. It is undeniable that as the patriotism of the Federal party fell under such popular suspicion that it could not regain public confidence, and disappeared as a political organization, so general faith in the fidelity of the Democratic party to the true principles of the Union and the Constitution has been so shaken by the events of the last fifteen years that the party, as such, will lose its hold more and more upon popular sympathy.

But the characteristic elements and the tendencies of the party will remain. It is, indeed, what may be called the moral spirit of a party which is its distinctive quality, and attracts or repels supporters. It is the unfortunate fact for Democrats, who insist upon considering Democracy as a name for certain reasonable and not ungenerous theories of government, that all the elements of hostility to the government of the United States, and to the principles upon which it is founded, and in accordance with which it has recently been administered—the principles of equal right and protection under the laws, and of an actual nationality under the Union—are all to be found within the Democratic party. Whatever may chance, these elements will remain; and whatever organization most naturally attracts them is the one to be most feared and avoided by good citizens.

THE CONSTANT ALTERNATIVE.

The instructions to the Philadelphia delegates from most of the Republican State conventions which have been held, and the result of the New Hampshire election, show that the Philadelphia nomination is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Greeley, in the mean time, in a letter of which the authenticity is not denied, exhorts his correspondent to come to Cincinnati, and to bring his neighbors and friends. But what the actual number of attendants may be is, of course, unimportant. The significance of the assembly will lie in the character and influence of its leaders. And it will be observed that the project is openly advocated by very few influential Republican leaders. It is, indeed, stated, but upon inadequate authority, that the half dozen conspicuous anti-Administration Senators, including Senator Sumner, have adhered in advance to the Cincinnati action, and even to the candidate, should a nomination be made. But that, at least, is not Senator Sumner's way. He is not in the habit of committing himself in advance to men whom he does not know, nor to measures which he has not considered.

The result in New Hampshire is said to have made a union at Cincinnati of all the opposing elements to the re-election of the President inevitable. But that is not so favorable to the Missouri movement as might at first be thought. Whatever tends to throw the Democratic party as a unit for the Cincinnati candidate alienates from that candidate every sincere Republican. What man who heartily wishes for honesty and economy of administration, for a faithful regard for all the settlements of the war, for the commercial stability which depends upon general confidence, will wish to swell a host of which the immense proportion are Democrats? And that is the situation at Cincinnati which the New Hampshire election makes probable.

For suppose that Mr. GREELEY and his correspondent, Mr. BOYD, hasten to the convention with all their neighbors and friends; suppose that they nominate Judge DAVIS, or any other candidate hitherto known as a Republican—upon what platform will they place him? The two especial points of the Cincinnati movement are revenue reform and the unconstitutionality of the Ku-Klux legislation. Mr. GREELEY is a high protectionist not only of domestic manufactures, but of all citizens. He reviles revenue reform, and he extols the Ku-Klux legislation. Mr. GREELEY could take no hearty part in the convention unless it was silent upon the two chief points of its originators. What, then, would the Cincinnati platform be but mere personal opposition to the President? Yet Mr. GREELEY is much too old and wise a politician to suppose that a great party can be overthrown merely by the secession of some of its members upon grounds of personal preference.

It will be evident when the Cincinnati Convention meets that its action will not affect that of the Philadelphia Convention, and the only question for Mr. GREELEY and other Republicans will then be whether they would rather see the Republican party beaten than successful with a candidate whom they do not prefer. If they would, they will, of course, support a candidate in common with the Democrats. If they would not, they will support the Philadelphia nomination.

A MONUMENT TO GENERAL THOMAS.

No hero of the war is more fondly and proudly remembered than General THOMAS; and the proposition of the Society of the late Army of the Cumberland to build a monument to his memory will be received with the utmost sympathy by the whole loyal country. The monument will be a colossal equestrian statue, and General ROSECRANS says that while a contribution of fifty cents from every soldier who served under THOMAS would doubtless be enough, yet there are many every where in the country who would gladly give something to the fund. General HOOKER reminds us that THOMAS was born and passed his youth in Virginia. He had served in every grade known in our military service, and was master of its three great branches. When the rebellion began he was asked what he would do if Virginia seceded; and being an American more than a Virginian, he answered, promptly, "I will help to whip her back again." Brave, gentle, and just, his modesty was as conspicuous as his sagacity and valor and tenacity. At Chickamauga it was THOMAS, far on the right, "pounding away" when the day seemed lost, who saved the country from terrible disaster.

A letter from General THOMAS has been just published, which is very characteristic. With all the great soldiers of the war, he had been mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency. His reply to the direct suggestion was frank and manly as usual. It was written to JOHN TYLER, Jun., and was dated in San Francisco on the 8th of March, 1870.

> "I again assure you, in all sincerity, that I have no ambition in the direction of the Presidency, and therefore shall not allow my name to go before the people as a candidate for that office in 1872, or at any subsequent date, while there are so many able statesmen in political life to be drawn upon. And is it not rather early to begin to look up another Republican candidate for the next Presidential term? GRANT is still young; has not, as yet, committed any serious mistake; and if he continues steadfast to the principles enunciated in his inaugural, will be entitled to the second term—or, at least, to the nomination, as an expression of the approbation of the party for his past services.
>
> "My life for the last thirty years has been passed in the military service. During that time I have acquired tastes and opinions respecting public duties and responsibilities which do not harmonize with the prevailing ideas of the present day. I could not, therefore, hope to meet with such encouragement from the people as the Executive of the United States must have to assure a successful administration, and the consequent prosperity and advancement of the nation.
>
> "My services are now, as they have always been, subject to the call of the government in whatever military capacity I may be considered competent and worthy to fill, and will be cordially undertaken whenever called upon to render. All civil honors and duties I shall continue to decline."

General HOOKER has been designated to collect subscriptions for the State of New York, and he has appointed Colonel SAMUEL B. LAWRENCE, at 29 Mercer Street, collector for the city and county, who will publicly acknowledge the receipt of subscriptions.

THE GEYSERS OF THE YELLOW STONE.

A BILL of importance has passed the House of Representatives, and will undoubtedly become a law, which withdraws from settlement, occupancy, or sale a tract of land, fifty-five by sixty miles, about the sources of the Yellow Stone and Missouri rivers, securing it as a park or pleasure-ground forever. This admirable act is due very much to the interest and devotion of Dr. F. V. HAYDEN, United States geologist, whose report is the source of information upon the subject—information which is the result of careful exploration and investigation. Those who had been so fortunate as to see the original sketches of the region made by the artists who accompanied Dr. HAYDEN know how very beautiful as well as interesting the phenomena of the region are.

The height of the entire area of the proposed reservation is more than six thousand feet—as high as the summit of Mount Washington, in the White Mountains—and it is surrounded by mountains of ten and twelve thousand feet in height, covered with perpetual snow. The area is therefore not susceptible of certain cultivation, and its climate is too severe for the raising of stock. During June, July, and August the climate is pure and invigorating, although the mercury often falls to 26°. The peculiarity of the region is that in comparatively modern times it was the scene of great volcanic activity, of which its system of geysers, or hot springs, are the evidence—geysers which are reported to be very much more remarkable than those which are so famous in Iceland. The mineral deposits from these springs adorn the region with a splendor of color and effect which is wholly unparalleled, and which can only be suggested by the brilliancy of the sketches taken upon the spot, and which are described with enthusiastic fidelity by Dr. HAYDEN in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for the months of February and March, 1872.

The national reservation of the geysers of the Yellow Stone, like that of the Yosemite Valley in California, secures the whole region from the invasion and depredation of speculators, and preserves it for the advantage of science, and for the benefit of invalids. Yet, although it would certainly be overrun with speculators, it would not attract miners or farmers, and its reservation is, therefore, no pecuniary loss. The act is a wise forethought of the future.

PERSONAL.

THERE is an inside history connected with the Erie revolution, as there is in most revolutionary movements, that ordinarily does not get to the public. The Erie movement was first broached to General SICKLES in Paris last summer, but the time was not then deemed opportune, as it was believed that the municipal power of the city, and to a certain extent the power of the courts, would be successfully interposed against it. In December General S. was again in Paris, *en route* to the United States, and was once more solicited to undertake the matter, to which, in view of the Tammany and Democratic overthrow, he assented, but with the express understanding that he should have absolute personal control of the campaign. This, with some reluctance, was yielded. On reaching New York the plan of the contest was clearly mapped out, the field carefully surveyed, the advance slowly and cautiously made, the enemy's works adroitly undermined, and finally the citadel captured without the loss of a man, or without any act of personal violence.

—GEORGE MACDONALD, the novelist, several of whose interesting fictions have been published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has been engaged to lecture for the Mercantile Library Association of this city next season.

—Gen. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, ex-Governor of Connecticut, is evidently one of the "coming men of the country." Besides having won renown on the field, in the halls of Congress, and in the gubernatorial chair of Connecticut, he has for many years successfully edited the leading Republican journal of his State, and last week was elected, at Philadelphia, President of the Centennial Commission. It may be remembered, also, that he was president of the Chicago Convention which nominated GRANT and COLFAX.

—Senator SPENCER, of Alabama, the youngest, as well as a very indefatigable and capable member of the Committee on Commerce, has introduced a bill from that body which has some connection with a name quite familiar to the readers of this paper. It is "that the Secretary of the Treasury be, and is hereby, authorized to change the name of the yacht *William M. Tweed*, owned by A. B. STOCKWELL, of the city of New York, to that of *Julia*, and grant said yacht registry in said name." The bill was ordered to be engrossed, read a third time, and passed *instanter*. As a yacht, *William M. Tweed* has ceased to be.

—Concurrently with Erie comes the short, sharp, and decisive anti-blackmailing campaign of the Rev. Dr. CARTER, of this city. Miss COUCH had planned a nice but naughty little plot to extort a neat little annuity from the reverend doctor. Fortunately he went to a clever young lawyer, who exposed and frustrated it with a courage, celerity, and address worthy of all commendation. This young lawyer, who has latterly been employed in several of the leading criminal cases in our courts, is Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, a grandson of that ELBRIDGE GERRY who commenced his public career in Massachusetts just one hundred years ago, and who successively filled the offices of State legislator, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States. Unlike most of those young men of our time who happen to be opulent, Mr. GERRY has the honorable ambition to emulate the historical name he bears. Like his grandsire, he is a man of culture and attainments, of indomitable courage, great industry, and clear head, and is certain to achieve distinction in the career upon which he has entered.

—Mrs. ZADEL B. BUDDINGTON, already favorably known by her magazine sketches, has written a novel, "Can the Old Love?" published by Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD & Co. The question is answered in a tale, or rather a trilogy, and with a fervor of conviction that will go far to persuade every reader. The work, however, is not so much a story continuously developing in detail, as a series of sketches which, as artists would say, are very strongly felt. Indeed, the author's intensity is that of a student writing his thesis. The tale is sometimes sentimental, and always a little extravagant; but it shows a very earnest feeling, and occasionally a great deal of grace and vigor. From the luxuriance both of the feeling and the style, we have a right to expect from the author, who shows quick observation and sympathy and great literary facility, a more chastened and, therefore, satisfactory tale. It is the literary art which must be carefully cultivated by all writers who would excel. "We artists," said a famous painter, "are nine-tenths mechanic and one-tenth poet."

—Mr. THURLOW WEED, in one of his racy sketches of past events and celebrities, alludes to the old "Clintonian" and "Bucktail" parties, and to the humors of politics in those days. On one occasion a zealous member of the latter organization, named SNOW, was extolling Governor TOMPKINS, while an opponent, named BROWN, expatiated on the patriotic services of CLINTON. "You," said SNOW, "talk about CLINTON's great talent, but I want to know what he has done for his country?" "I am ready," responded BROWN, "to meet you on that point. If you want to know what Governor CLINTON has done for his country, I advise you to look at his future conduct!"

—Vesey Street, in this city, was named after the Rev. Mr. VESEY, the first rector of Trinity Church. He had formerly been a Dissenting minister on Long Island, but entering the Episcopal Church, was made rector of Trinity, succeeding the Bishop of London, who had been the nominal head of the parish. Service was first performed in the church, and by him, in February, 1697. Among the donations for its construction was five pounds "in boards," by Colonel SCHUYLER. The church was finally finished, the *Jews*, oddly enough, giving £5 12*s*. 3*d*. toward the steeple. On the 25th of October, 1697, NICH. FIELDING, "a person reputed of honest behavior and conversation," was appointed sexton. The next year he was succeeded by Mr. WELCH, and it was ordered that "Mr. TOTHILL do provide the sexton's boy a waistcoat, colored breeches, shoes and stockings, hat, and neck-cloths."

—We find in an English paper some curious information that has come to light about the antecedents of SHERE ALLEE, the man who killed Lord Mayo. He is a mountaineer from the Himalayas, and was a soldier—and an excellent one—in the British cavalry, sober, faithful, obedient, and orderly; but being engaged in a "blood feud" with members of his own tribe, he used to get a furlough about every half year for the purpose of killing one of his relatives on the other side of the frontier. Having performed this duty, he always returned promptly to his regiment. As ill luck would have it, however, he met one of his relatives on British soil, in the neighborhood of Peshawur, and killed him too; but on British soil the act was a crime, so he was sentenced to death, and afterward to transportation for life. The punishment was incomprehensible to him, and cut short what he considered a blameless career. So he avenged himself on the Governor-General, who represented the government which had injured him.

—The Chicago *Post* sometimes falls from its pinnacle of goodness, and uses, inferentially, the phrase of the naughty. It says that the Democrats are now squinting seductively toward Judge DAVID DAVIS since his nomination for the Presidency by the Labor Reformers. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say, says the *Post*, that "the Democratic candidate is almost certain to be D——D."

—Prince de Polignac, whom President THIERS has sent as a military *attaché* to the French embassy at Berlin, served during the Southern rebellion about two years on the staff of General DICK TAYLOR, to which he was appointed by JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is a son of the persecuted minister of CHARLES X.

—The Count de Paris, heir-apparent of the BOURBONS to the throne of France, is a tall, manly fellow, with the air of a country gentleman. He is especially polite to Americans, and rather given to talk with them about our public affairs. Another gentleman who has made himself highly popular with all sorts and conditions of men abroad is the Emperor of Brazil, who goes every where, chats with every body, shakes hands and "how-are-you's" with patrician and plebe as though it were the jolliest thing to do imaginable. Thus we go. A prince, after all, is merely "a gentleman with a hat on."

—It is understood in railway circles that THOMAS A. SCOTT is the best-salaried man in the United States. He is either the official head or executive officer of several great corporations, and his aggregate pay from these is said to amount to $150,000 per annum.

—In the whirligig of time few men have strided more rapidly from respectable obscurity to high position than the present general in chief of the army. In 1862, when a rapid increase of the army became necessary, President LINCOLN sent to the Ohio delegation in Congress requesting them to agree upon and name to him eight competent men for brigadier-generals of volunteers. The delegation met. The Hon. SAMUEL S. COX, then a member of the House from Ohio, took an active part in the consultation, but had no candidate of his own. Senator SHERMAN was very desirous that his brother, who was then principal of a seminary in Louisiana, should receive one of the appointments, but felt some delicacy in soliciting it himself. He accordingly asked Mr. COX to present the name, which, regardless of political relations, he promptly and with great magnanimity consented to do. The name of WILLIAM T. SHERMAN was therefore presented by Mr. COX, and it is probably to his courtesy on that occasion that the present general owed that first nomination which was to culminate, six years later, in his elevation to the highest military rank in the army.

—It is understood, we believe, that the largest legal fee ever received in this country was that paid to the Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER—$100,000—in a great railway case. The British government has just done a little better than that, having paid Sir ROUNDELL PALMER for his brief for the Geneva Arbitration 30,000 guineas.

—Among the pleasantest ladies in Washington society may be named Mrs. BOWERS, sister-in-law of the Secretary of War. She is a beautiful Kentucky woman, of a soft, retiring manner, and a warm, gentle address; has dark eyes, an exquisite complexion, and a stately figure. Add to these fine colloquial powers, a wide knowledge of persons and things at the capital, perfect frankness, and a common-sensibleness that is quite noteworthy, and you have—Mrs. BOWERS. Her brother-in-law, General BELKNAP, is one of the most popular members of the cabinet, and one of the ablest—a manly, straightforward, thorough gentleman, who has his department well in hand, and about whom there is not even a vulgar fraction of nonsense.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States Senate passed the civil service appropriation of $50,000 March 11. The House resolved on the same day to investigate the affairs of the Navy Department under the administration of Secretary Robeson. The contested election case of Cessna against B. F. Myers, the sitting member from the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania, was called up in the House, March 12, and a resolution confirming the latter was adopted. In the House, March 14, it was voted to pay the State of Kansas $337,000 for expenses incurred during the war. Colonel Benet, of the Ordnance Department, in his testimony before the French Arms Investigating Committee, March 14, stated that there were then on hand 682,869 serviceable arms at the arsenals, and 39,731 in the hands of troops in the field. The total number of arms, good and bad, in possession of the United States, he said, was 1,151,088.

In the New York State Senate, March 13, the committee investigating the charges of bribery against Senator James Wood reported that he had received large sums of money as loans, which it was impossible not to believe were made in consideration of services as a member of the Legislature. The Senate, March 14, passed the Erie Classification Repeal act by a vote of 26 to 2. The next day it was passed by the Assembly.

The Chinese have been invited to take part in our national centennial celebration of July 4, 1876.

Emanuel Shaffner was convicted, March 12, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, of the murder of his first and second wives.

Judge Barrett granted a stay of proceedings, March 12, in the case of William Foster, the "car-hook murderer."

The Republican State Conventions of Kentucky and Wisconsin were held March 13. The platforms adopted were strongly in favor of President Grant's administration.

The Rhode Island Republican State Convention met March 14, and after indorsing President Grant's administration, nominated for Governor Seth Padelford; Lieutenant-Governor, Pardon W. Stevens; Secretary of State, Joshua M. Adderman; Attorney-General, Willard Sayles; General Treasurer, Samuel Clark. Delegates were also chosen to the National Convention.

A revolution took place in the management of the Erie Railway Company March 11. The vice-president of the road, Mr. O. H. P. Archer, and a number of other directors, got possession of the office of the company, and elected General John A. Dix president, O. H. P. Archer vice-president, William Watts Sherman treasurer, and S. L. M. Barlow counselor. H. M. Otis was re-elected secretary. A resolution was carried dismissing Messrs. Field and Shearman as counsel to the road, and conferring the position on Mr. Barlow. Another resolution was passed that the treasurer pay no orders for money signed by the old officers, and that employés of the road pay no attention to any one but President Dix and Vice-President Archer. Mr. Gould formally surrendered the presidency March 12.

Mayor Hall will have a new trial, owing to the death of one of the members of the present jury.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Pope at a public audience recently stated that the existence in Rome of two powers, such as his and Victor Emanuel's, was impossible.

The story of a secret treaty existing between Great Britain and Canada, agreeing to a mutual separation, was officially contradicted by the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Department, in the British Parliament, March 11.

There was a great uproar in the French National Assembly, March 11, over a motion to censure and prosecute two of the deputies for libel on the Legislative Chamber.

M. De Lesseps's report was read at a meeting of the Suez Canal share-holders March 12. It announces that the directors have no intention of selling the canal to any government; that the traffic is increasing; and that the receipts for January and February of the present year amounted to 2,577,000 francs.

The Federal Council of Switzerland has sent secret agents to watch the movements of Italian revolutionists on the Piedmontese frontier.

Lady Mordaunt, the wife of Sir Charles, is pronounced by medical authority hopelessly insane.

There is danger of a rupture between Spain and San Domingo, growing out of the fact that a Spanish war ship slighted the President by omitting the usual salute. Baez is again powerful in the island. He has retaken two towns, executed seventeen revolutionists, and proposes to attack Cabral.

A telegraphic cable is to be laid between Spain and England shortly.

The sentence of death which was pronounced against Domingo Giral, a member of the Cuban Chambers, has been commuted by Captain-General Valmaseda to imprisonment for life.

The newspaper proprietors of London are trying to break up the typographical trade unions of that city, and the printers, on the other hand, threaten a strike.

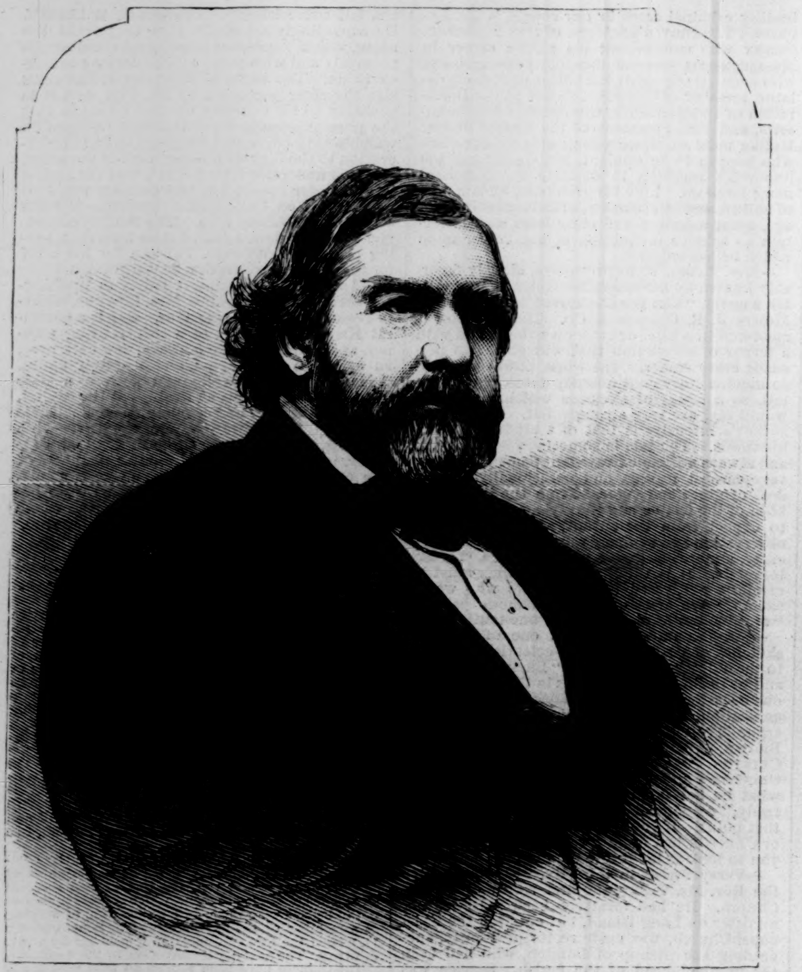
The French Assembly, March 14, passed a bill making it a penal offense to belong to the International. The vote was 501 to 104.

The steamer *San Francisco*, from the Bermudas, reports the loss of the famous ship *Great Republic*. Fortunately no lives were lost.

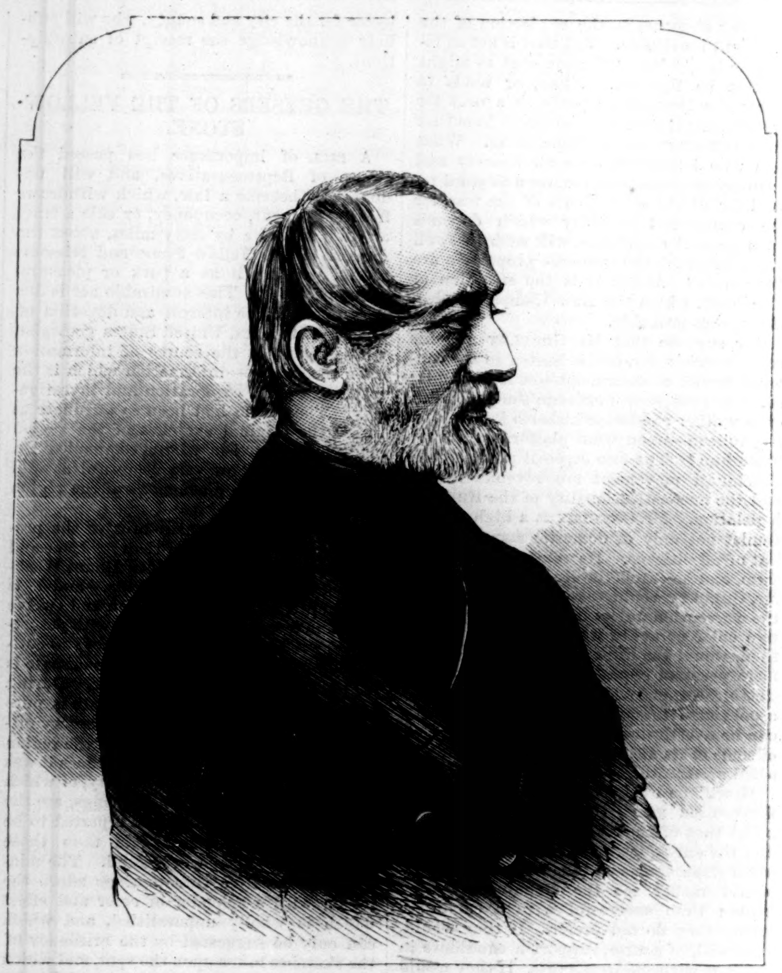
Another crisis in Spanish affairs has been developed. King Amadeus is concentrating his army around Madrid, disarming the National Guard, and preparing to defend his throne.

Late mails bring intelligence of a tremendous landslide on the line of the Paulo Railroad, in Brazil. An inclined plain, miles in extent, moved from its foundations, and buried the road for a long distance under earth and rock.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ermelano has been requested by the Prussian government to revoke the sentences of excommunication pronounced by him contrary to the laws of the country.



HON. E. A. STRAW, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

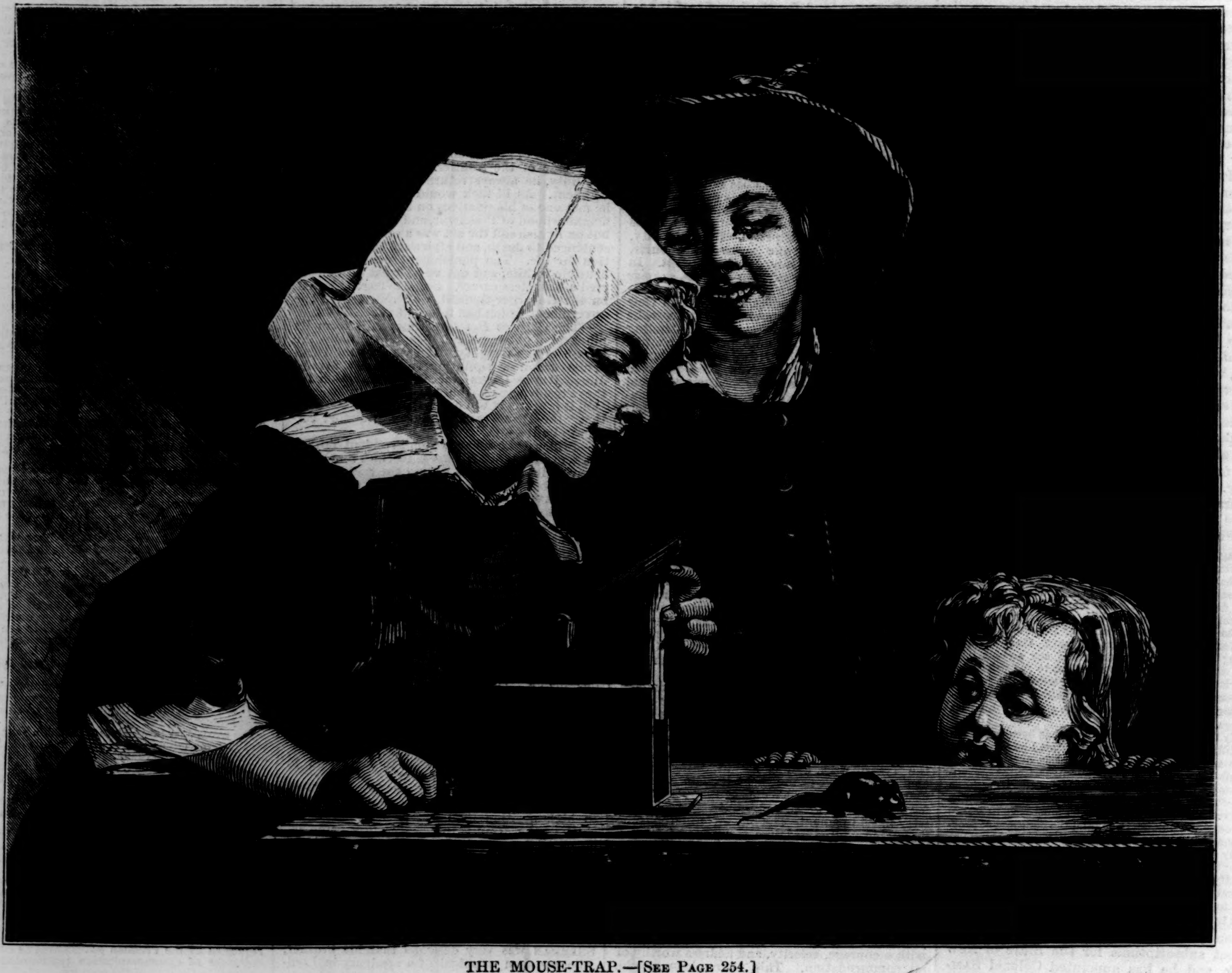


JOSEPH MAZZINI.—[See Page 247.]

THE HON. E. A. STRAW.

We give on this page a portrait of this gentleman, who has just been elected Governor of New Hampshire. Mr. Straw was born at Warner, in that State, December 19, 1819, and is now fifty-two years of age. His father was a hard-working farmer until 1826, when he sold his farm in Warner and removed to Lowell, where he labored as a stone-mason until his death in 1830. He left but little property; but the mother managed to keep her children together and to give them the advantages of a public-school education. The eldest son, now Governor elect of his native State, was afterward sent to the academy at Andover, Massachusetts, where he applied himself chiefly to mathematical studies.

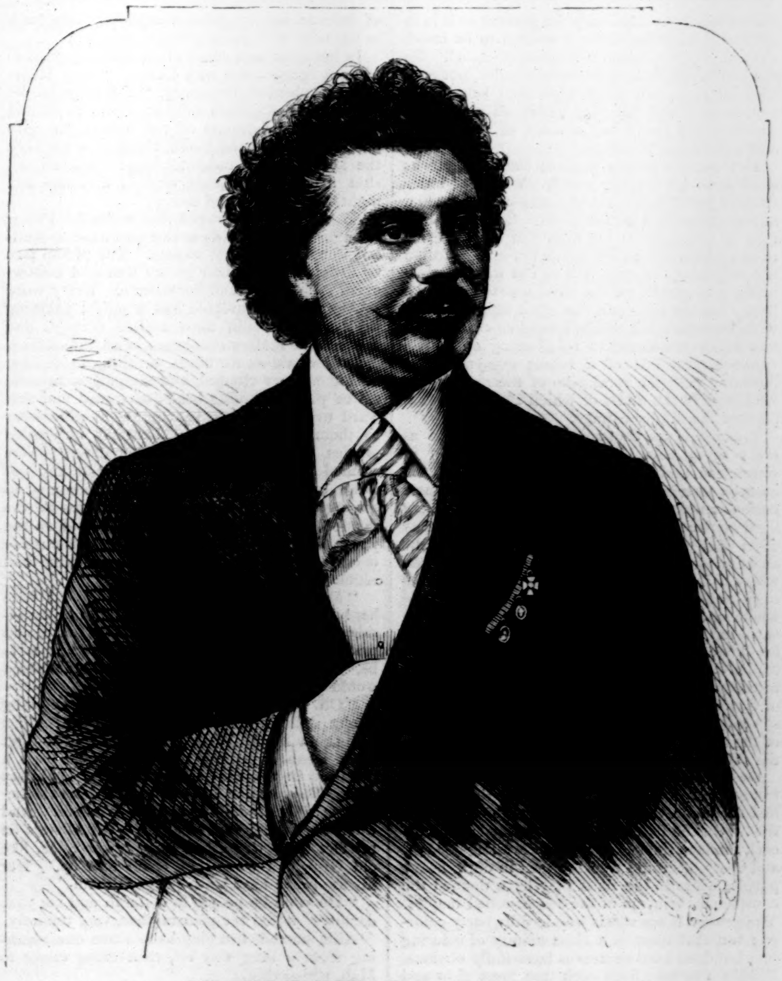
In July, 1838, he entered the service of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, at Manchester, as civil engineer. He continued in this



THE MOUSE-TRAP.—[See Page 254.]

position until 1851, when he was appointed agent—a position which he still retains. His political record is highly honorable. In 1859 he was elected representative from the city of Manchester to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1860, 1861, 1862, and 1863, and during the last three of those terms was Chairman of the Committee on Finance. In 1864 he was elected to the State Senate, re-elected in 1865, and that year chosen President of that honorable body. He was also elected on the part of the Senate as one of the commissioners to superintend the rebuilding of the State-house. He has always been a warm friend of free schools, and has done much to promote the cause of popular education.

Mr. **Straw** was chosen by the Republican party of New Hampshire as their candidate for Governor in the recent campaign. The canvass was sharp and bitter. Mr. **Straw** was elected by a handsome majority, and his election is gratifying on personal grounds, as well as a triumph of sound political principles.



THEODORE WACHTEL.—[Photographed by Sarony.]

THEODORE WACHTEL.

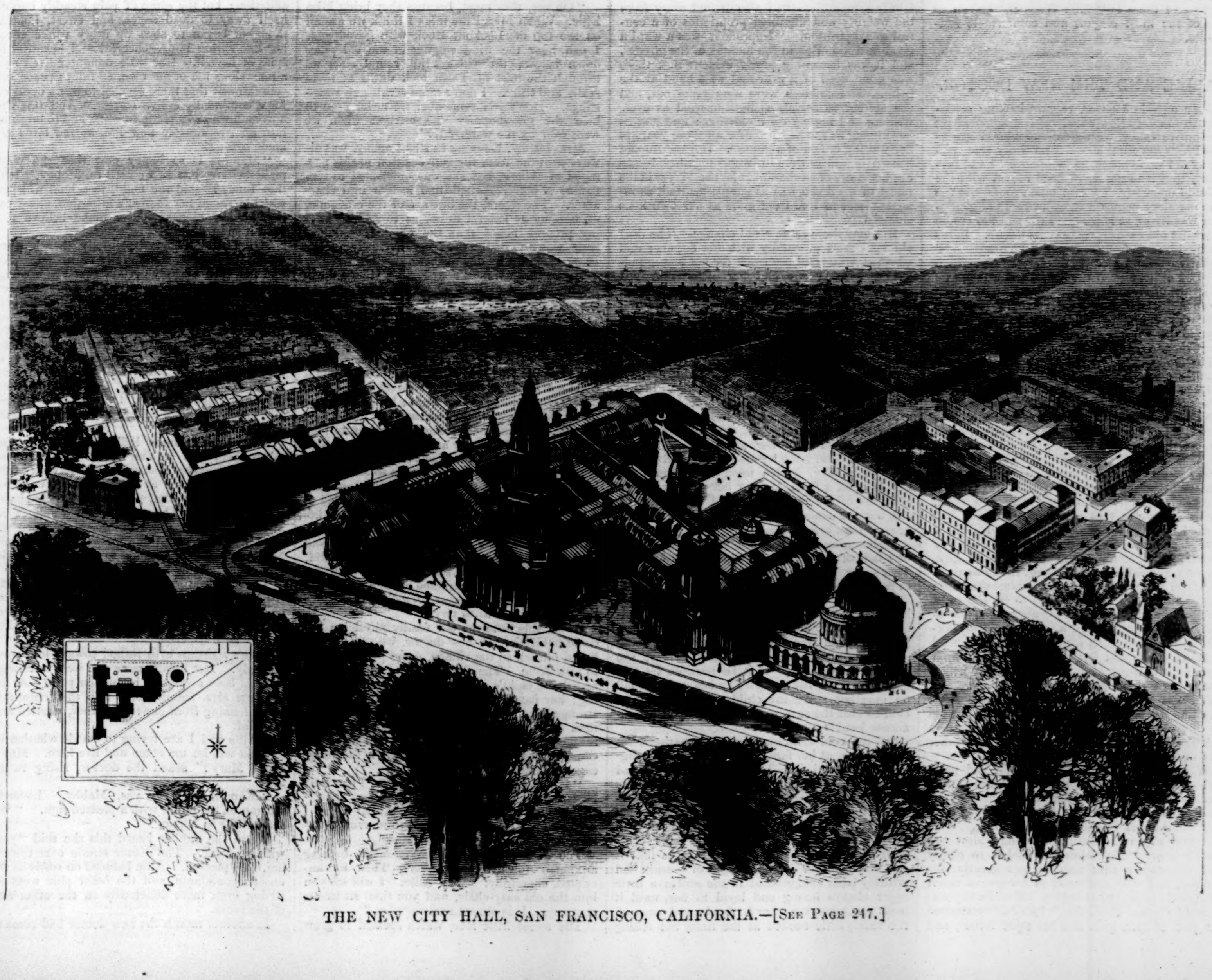
Theodore Wachtel, the renowned tenor, whose portrait is given on this page, was born the 10th of March, 1824, in Hamburg, where his father was the proprietor of a large and popular livery-stable establishment. Young **Theodore** obtained a very good education, and distinguished himself in school by his great industry and extraordinary skill in penmanship and drawing. Although possessing all the necessary education to enter into mercantile business, his father retained him in his own. **Theodore** became a sportsman, and by his great skill and knowledge in the treatment of horses soon achieved a reputation as the "prince of coachmen," a fact which even to-day, when at the summit of his fame, he communicates to his acquaintances with a feeling of pride.

After his father's death **Theodore**, then seventeen years of age, carried on the business with his mother. Probably he would never have been heard of beyond the banks of the Elbe had not one of those fortunate accidents which always seem to wait upon the development of genius revealed to somebody that he had a voice worth cultivating. Among his numerous customers was a party of young and wealthy merchants who were in the habit of making hunting excursions, on which they were always accompanied by him. While riding to their place of destination they sang quartettes. Unfortunately, or rather, we should say, fortunately, they had no one to fill the tenor's part, and one day **Wachtel** volunteered his services. The magnificent quality of his voice surprised and astonished them; and one of the party, a Mr. **Gerstenkorn**, persuaded him to retire from business and devote his time to the cultivation of his voice. The services of Mlle. **Grandjean**, then a well-reputed teacher of vocal music in Hamburg, were brought into requisition, and in about eighteen months after commencing his studies, learning solfeggios and short airs, he made his first appearance as an artist. He met with remarkable success, and the results sufficiently encouraged him to continue his studies with unabated zeal.

This was at Hamburg. His voice was then already pronounced one of the grandest in Europe—a genuine robust tenor, of high range and splendid ringing quality. Many connoisseurs considered it equal to that of the famous **Gerstacker**. In the year 1849 he was called to Schwerin, where he staid one year, appearing first in "Alessandro Stradella" and in the "Siege of Corinth." His desire was to sing in Dresden, the capital of Saxony, and the centre-point of high culture and refinement. But here he learned first the shady side of theatrical life—intrigue and envy. **Tichatchek**, the celebrated tenor, stood then on the pinnacle of his fame, and would tolerate no rival; so our young hero could not appear in Dresden, and he gladly accepted an engagement in Würzburg. This formed the commencement of his operatic career. After two years' stay he left for the Court Theatre in Darmstadt, where he occupied the position of first lyric tenor, and where he made the acquaintance of his wife. From Darmstadt he went to the Royal Theatre in Hanover, where he remained four years.

During this time the king granted him leave of absence, to visit Vienna to finish the training of his voice. There he studied Italian opera under the well-known Signor **Gentilliomo**, and the celebrated "Capellmeister" **Eckart**, now musical director of the Royal Opera in Berlin. Returning to Hanover, he filled his engagement, and went thence to Cassel. Here he remained only a short time, on account of a disagreement with the Grand Duke. He was then promoted to the boards of Vienna and London. London first heard him in 1861, and there his success was prodigious. He went back to England season after season for several years, singing in Italian at Covent Garden under the excellent management of Mr. **Gye**, Sir **Michael Costa** acting as conductor, and accepted meanwhile a most flattering offer from Herr **Von Huelsen**, the General Superintendent of the royal theatres in Berlin, where he received $12,000 for six months, being obliged to sing only eight times in the month. Here his success rose higher and higher from year to year. The public became literally "**Wachtel** mad," and did not hesitate to pay the most enormous prices whenever he appeared together with Madame **Lucca**.

On the 10th of March, 1868, on his birthday, **Wachtel** was appointed by a royal decree Royal Prussian Kammersänger (court singer), the highest honor which can be conferred upon any singer, and in which honor he shares with Mesdames **Lucca** and **Mallinger**, and Mr. **Niemann**. The duty imposed upon him by this appointment is to sing twelve times in a year, and to appear in all royal court concerts. The Emperor **William** honored him, besides, with frequent costly presents, among which deserves especial mention a gold snuff-box, the cover of



THE NEW CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 247.]

which represents the Royal Opera-house in Berlin, set in diamonds. In the year 1866, after the close of the Prussian-Austrian war, when Wachtel did a great deal toward the relief of the distressed and disabled soldiers, the King sent him a large silver table-set, illustrating the elevation of music, and representing the artist, in solid silver, in his best rôles. He received the great gold medal for art and science from the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and a like one from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. This latter sovereign conferred upon him the honors of knighthood in the order of the *White Falcon.*

It was not until 1869 that Wachtel tempted the judgment of Paris. It was the first attempt of the kind by a German artist. It could hardly be expected that a German tenor should satisfy that fastidious capital; but, after all, to be criticised and talked about as he was in Paris was in itself a most brilliant success. There was an indefinable magnetism in his singing, a glory in his great high chest C which the critics could not explain. Then his horses (Wachtel owns some of the finest trotters in Germany) were the envy of the Bois de Boulogne, and the splendor of his turn-out and the romance of his history were inexhaustible themes for the journalists and gossips of society. His favorite rôle, too, seemed only a poetic reminiscence of his humble origin, and even Paris admitted that in Adolphe Adam's "Postilion de Longjumeau" Wachtel acted with superb ease and vivacity, and cracked the best whip ever heard in an opera-house. This engagement, under the skillful management of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, came to a very sudden close by the Franco-German war.

Of his career in this country there is hardly need to speak, because Theodore Wachtel, who came, not exactly unexpectedly, but without the usual preliminary flourishes and advertising arts, achieved a success heretofore unknown in the annals of theatrical life. He filled the Stadt Theatre last fall night after night, and thousands of people who never knew that such a cavernous place of amusement was in existence were drawn there by the charm of Wachtel's voice. His tour throughout the West was marked with success from beginning to end. He was every where most enthusiastically received, serenaded, complimented, and honored as few artists have ever been before. Wachtel is a model of animal vigor, and his voice owes much of its effect to this virile cause. In all his splendid efforts of vocalism, force, rapidity, and an unconscious organic vehemence are the qualities which make him brilliant.

It may still be added that there are few artists who enjoy better and happier family life. He was twice married, and has eight children. His second wife, a beautiful Rhenish blonde, accompanies him on his trip in this country. His permanent residence is in the German watering-place Wiesbaden, one of the finest spots in Europe; and there is "Villa Wachtel," known as one of the most elegant and comfortable residences.

ALLIE AND THE NEW DOCTOR.

Just outside a queer, vagrant-looking settlement in Southern New York, which straggles along a primitive valley, with great-shouldered, green-robed hills towering above it on every side, was a gray old stone house, so moss-covered and ivy-grown that it might have been coeval with the hill-side upon which it had taken root. At the time my story begins a light-hearted old gentleman was living in it who had slept in the cradle under the old eaves seventy years before. In his boyhood he had frolicked among the branches of a gnarly oak and a graceful drooping elm which stood on either side of the house, and which, in a landscape of strongly marked features, had even then acquired a broadened and symmetrical character and reputation; and yet the two trees are there to-day—hoary old sentinels, as watchful as ever over the best interests of the household.

There also lived the old man's daughter—the young widow Danby—and Allie and Mab, her six-year-old twin girls. The mother was still as beautiful as she had been at sweet sixteen, when she married a man twice her own age. She seemed as gay and merry as her children, or as the genial old man in his second childhood; but then she was only twenty-three, and had been a widow more than five years already. No wonder, then, that she had gone back to the happiness of girlhood here in the old girlhood's home. As little wonder that pretty Mrs. Danby was courted now as much as any young lady, and a good deal more than is ever desirable for any woman, young or old. She was not at all silly, but very agreeable and engaging, living so thoroughly in the enjoyment of the present that little six-year-old Allie often seemed to be the most thoughtful and care-taking member of the household. The happy mother was unconsciously taking fresh compensation for her earlier, defrauded girlhood. She and her children babbled from morning till night to imitate the brook which came down the hill-side past their door, and grandpapa kept up a pleasant refrain which was like an echo, often sent out far and wide by one old gray hill, with its tassels of green overhanging bare, jagged rocks, on the other side of the valley.

Widowers and bachelors, from far and near, and of all ages between twenty and sixty, were continually finding out what an extremely happy family this was; and were always dropping in to chat at all hours of the day and evening. Over and over again the beautiful young widow was forced to say "No;" but she said it so gently and reluctantly that nobody was greatly displeased, and they continued to receive as much neighborly attention as before. Mrs. Danby was entirely sincere in all this. She half worshiped her pair of little girls and her aged father, and was as nearly content with the present as it is in the nature of things for any woman to be under a continual provocation to become unsettled. So she continued to be immensely popular, not only with all ages, but even with both sexes; for women saw and felt that under all this effervescence she really had a heart of very tender and generous sympathies.

But sharp criticism was not wanting here as elsewhere in a carping world. Words of bitter censure had fallen upon the ears of little Allie, and sunk deeply into her heart. The child-love rose up indignantly; but from that day she came to regard herself as the champion and guardian not only of her mother, but of the whole household; and amidst all the child-heartedness of a happy life the little one was often weighed down with premature but wholly unspoken care. The two children seemed to be growing up active, vigorous, and full of a robust enjoyment—in harmony with the rural tone of the picturesque landscape in the midst of which Providence had planted the family cottage.

Scenery is as contagious in its influence as every thing else. The Scot is Highlander in character; and Mynheer of Holland may boast an even tone of mental development which most nations might try in vain to emulate. Every local centre has its special influence. One may often find, searching for colored leaves in the autumn, some notable patch of magnetic soil where a dozen varieties of plants are all blushing together in a common warmth of coloring. The whole small community—oak, maple, dog-wood, cat-brier, geranium—are all ablaze with the scarlet flame of a running blackberry-vine, whose triplet clusters of gems are shining every where in the grass, spring-like in its greenness by way of contrast. A little way off a similar group is shaded with the prevailing pale yellow—livery of the delicate maples, or possibly adopted from the shining wide-leaved cat-briers.

Over yonder the vegetation is in a uniform of ruddy gold, as though every thing thereabouts had become a retainer of the orange-clad sassafras. On the left, oaks and dog-woods vie with each other in their lead of the prevailing fashion, and every bush and tree is robed in dark, heavy purple, while to the right they have donned the conspicuous crimson of the deeper-toned maples. The general landscape is wonderfully party-colored; but that there is a close affinity of coloring in a hundred local centres is beautifully obvious. Within a certain limit each tree must glow and ripen into a radiance after its kind; and yet it is a perpetual struggle of character with circumstances. All things have their limitations, and even the autumn leaves follow the fashions of their neighborhood, tinted through and through by their surroundings.

Our household in the happy valley, like the hills about them—all children of the Alleghanies, but thrust a little outside of the more generous family sympathies—had also drifted away from the weighty and dignified proprieties of a central social position. "Imprudent" was a word a good deal too often in the mouths of the gossips, and it was becoming pretty evident that there was great need of a firm and wise hand at the helm. The children were nine years old, and the mother as social, as light-hearted as ever, wishing and hoping for no change; and just as bewitching as she had been for all these years to her waiting crowd of admirers. Her nature and her surroundings were in league together, bringing her a life of exuberant enjoyment; yet in the midst of it all she was as simple-hearted, as innocent, and as free from guile as her own little children.

But now there came a sad change. The dear old man slept peacefully with his fathers; and whether Allie cried too much for her lost grandfather, whether she and her sister remained altogether too constantly in the house, afraid now to wander unprotected through the darling old woods on the breezy hill-sides and along winding, pleasant paths to the heights, where they could find a wide look-out into the world, or whether some new mantle of care had descended upon her poor little shoulders, it is certain that in a few months the roses in her cheeks were changed to lilies. A heavy veil grew and thickened over her brown eyes, till at last Allie was blind. But this was not all; a veil fell down over her mind also. Bright, thoughtful little Allie became like one living always in a hazy, golden mist. Sometimes the clouds lifted a little, Mab or her mother caught glimpses of the intelligent child they knew of old, but the shadows always settled back again heavier than before.

"Her gran'ther has jest sperited away the best half of her to go in company with himsel'! That's my belafe intirely," said Irish Norah, in ready explanation.

"Smitten of God because I have been too happy—oh, too happy and thoughtless!" moaned the poor mother. Daily and nightly the unhappy woman was shrouded in ever-deepening agony and hopelessness. "O holy Father," she prayed, unceasingly, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from her! Let Thy heavy hand fall on me; but spare my child. Far be it from God to visit the sins of the mother upon her innocent head!"

All the cold criticism, the unsympathetic remonstrance, at her fancied lack of motherly dignity and devotion that from time to time had fallen upon her ears, smote her now as scourges which she had miserably deserved. Had she allowed this tender child to bear burdens which she herself should have carried? Had her own thoughtlessness, perhaps, wrought some cruel spell of suffering—all the more terrible that it was only fancied? What weight of censure had possibly been exaggerated in the sensitive little heart always loving and loyal to her, until it must needs break for her? Looks and tones of the child, little heeded at the time, but telling of reticent and wounded sympathy, came back to her now with quickened self-reproach.

In her grief and desperation she even tried to effect a compromise with Deity. "Just Heaven," she pleaded, helplessly, "if it must be, let her dear eyes remain forever closed to all the beauty and brightness of the world; but give back again to my child—oh, please give her back the holy light of understanding! Oh, do not shut away her innocent soul in darkness and night, God of love and mercy!"

So the mother prayed, but a fearful Power wrought on relentlessly at this bit of the mysterious web of dependent events. The plump face of little Mab also had grown wan and hollow-eyed, even more than her sister's. Every word spoken in the household had a pitiful yearning in it which would have melted through and through the shallow tenderness of all human love.

Allie would sit for hours, speaking to no one, cooing nursery rhymes, and slipping a favorite set of plump, shining beads backward and forward over the string, kissing them, whispering to them in confidence a thousand impossible fancies. But at every sunset her dazed powers seemed to rally. When Mab came and sat down by her, as they had been accustomed to sit together in the twilight, sometimes at the door-step, or under the gnarled old oak in the yard, then Allie would relate to her sister many occurrences of the day which at the time had seemed to pass unnoticed.

"Mrs. Windslip was here, Mabby. I hate her! She is always picking through into the inside of our hearts with something sharp, and pushing it about just to see how much it hurts us," she said one evening. "I should think God would send her to State-prison."

"Oh, Mrs. Windslip don't mean any thing wrong, Allie."

"Don't she? Well, grandpapa said a tiger don't mean any thing wrong when he tears a little kid in two for his supper. If I could see again, Mab, I know I could find her claws somewhere: I feel them every time she comes. And when Mrs. Keef said she would put blisters on my feet there was a bad snarl in her voice, like old Growler's when they chain him up. Her kisses always have wasp-stings in them."

"Do you like people to come in and see you, darling?" asked the poor mother, very tenderly.

Allie started, listening as to some one speaking from a long way off, then clung closer to Mab, whispering,

"Nobody but you must hear what I say, Mabby, because it is a secret. It would hurt dear mamma to know about some of her friends. Dear little mamma! There are two or three tigers and bears among them, and one crocodile; but mamma don't know it."

"Those naughty folks shall never come near you again, darling!" cried poor little Mab, struggling to keep back her sobs.

"Oh yes, they must, because they bring Miss Ellie. When Miss Ellie talks I think we are all on the top of Lookout Rock with grandpapa. I can hear the wind singing in the old pines down below; the villages all round start up through the mist till I can look down at them really and truly. I don't mind snarls and wasp-stings. Don't you remember we never used to hear the grasshoppers and crickets when we went over by the water-fall?"

Mrs. Danby, listening in silent agony, was always shut out from the conversation in this new mood of Allie's, but she was quickened to recognize a marvelous spiritual insight into character. The tigers, the bears, and the crocodile, all became as hateful to her as to Allie. It is my present belief that the blinded, credulous little woman really did very narrowly escape being eaten up by one of them.

In the mean time the straggling village down in the valley had been clambering up over the hill-side like a growing vine. So many blossoms of new white houses had sprung up amidst the greenness every month of late that the widow and her children were now living upon a paved street, with neighbors and sympathy plentiful on every side. But some of the children brought them scarlet fever, and before a week had passed, dear, loving Mab was laid beside her grandfather under the willow by the rivulet.

Allie, who had not strength now even to play with her precious beads as she lay helpless upon her pillow, believed that her sister had gone for only a few days, and would return so soon as she herself was well again. The heart-broken mother had borne all this and lived. She was needed to minister to her stricken child; but her own life henceforth must pass in deep shadow and desolation. She shrank even from her friends, and jealously secluded both herself and her child. Poor little woman! if she had ever been too light-hearted, she had suffered enough already to condone with the bitterest prejudice, and move the most censorious to pity.

About this time the old family physician became paralytic. A new doctor, who had established himself in the village, came professionally to visit Allie. The first sound of his voice arrested the child's attention. She sat up, listening; her face flushed; her eyes beamed with a strange light. Apparently she could see farther than mortals often may. Both hands were reached out toward the doctor; and when he came to her she grasped his with a touching, eager confidence.

"If you say put blisters on, doctor, I can bear blisters; but I am sure I can get well without."

"We won't have any blisters, Allie."

"And will you let me sit up to-morrow evening when Mab comes home again?"

The doctor thought for a moment, looking anxiously toward the mother. Then he answered, cheerfully, "Yes, Allie. I will lift you into the old easy-chair, and you shall sit in the doorway. It is almost summer now."

The sweet little face, which seemed to grow more beautiful every year, smiled contentedly; her lips whispered the word to-morrow, and she went peacefully to sleep.

Dr. Spencer returned next day as he had promised, and established his little patient in a mass of cushions at the open door. Her face grew radiant; her arms clasped in the air. She was embracing her little twin sister, murmuring broken words of rapturous welcome. "Oh, Mabby, my Mabby! I am so glad you have come home again. Now you will never go away, and we shall all be so happy again. The new doctor knows how to comfort mamma. She cried only half as hard last night when she thought I was asleep; and to-day I heard her singing once just as she used to. It is all because he is such a beautiful doctor. He is taller than mamma or Miss Ellie, but just as near like them as the pine-trees are all alike up on the hills."

The mother and the new doctor looked wonderingly into each other's faces with bated breath and without a word—timid, questioning looks, which neither could quite forget afterward—then they both turned to Allie. The child, talking eagerly all the time, only shrank more and more away from them, raising her little arm before her face as though to ward off all troublesome interference.

"To her it is reality!" said the doctor, strongly moved, and his voice tremulous. "She believes that her sister is here. It will be well never to disturb the impression. I can do little for her professionally, Mrs. Danby; but, if you will allow me, I should like to continue my acquaintance with Allie as a friend."

The mother's eyes, dim with tears, were fixed only on her child, and she heeded nothing except what Allie was saying to her sister.

The blind girl was soon groping her way about the house, busy and happy, but her mind still astray. "Mab is away at school now," she would say, cheerfully; but at sunset she sat in the old place, believing that Mab was there also, conversing with her. "The tigers and bears nearly always stay away now, don't they, Mabby?" she said, one evening, with great exhilaration; "and the crocodile don't come any more. It is all the new doctor—didn't you know that? Oh yes, it is, dear; and Dr. Spencer can make sunshine. I have seen him make it very often in rainy days. Once, when mamma was nearly dying because she was cold and wet, the new doctor came, and he filled the room up full of sunshine."

The mother, sitting there with the gold and crimson of the early sunset lighting up her always beautiful face, smiled and blushed; then the ready tears fell heavily into her lap; but Allie was not disturbed. Of course Mrs. Danby very jealously guarded this hour of twilight against all intruders.

At first the little mother tried very earnestly not to be comforted in her sore bereavement and affliction; but the sense of pain steadily burned itself away to dead ashes, and sweet, hopeful thoughts began to start up every where about her like spring buds—cheerful and beautiful in spite of herself. Her little daughter lived now a marvelous life of her own, so full of peace and contentment that there seemed to be no occasion for a continually active sorrow. And this was a woman who was made to smile and to brighten into an irrepressible new life, as the birds are made to sing.

"Mamma is so happy now that she plays make-believe, just as we used to, Mabby. Isn't that funny?" said the child, in a loud whisper, which arrested her mother's attention, one evening. "Dr. Spencer plays make-believe too. Isn't it so nice?"

Mrs. Danby reddened painfully, then laughed quietly to herself, wonderfully reassured. She had not been entirely certain that some things were only make-believe with this wonderful new doctor. But if Allie thought so, Allie was sure to be in the right. Her hope and courage grew with increasing strength from that date. Her eyes refused to weep even when she chid them, and though she willed the tears to fall never so much. Her voice had found a quaver of fresh happiness running side by side with its most touching pathos. She did not trouble herself any longer to make believe when she and Allie were alone.

One evening, some ladies calling, she had taken them into another room. In the mean time Dr. Spencer, sauntering leisurely up to the door, seated himself at Allie's feet. The child, without heeding him, continued her imagined conversation. "The new doctor wouldn't let Mrs. Windslip kiss me to-day, Mab, when she offered. That saved one wasp-sting. I think, Mabby, the doctor is going to ask mamma to let him come here and live with us all the time."

The tall, bearded doctor's face grew pale and red by turns as he listened. Strongly excited, he leaned over breathlessly toward the little oracle. "Would mamma let me come and live here?" he whispered.

Allie's sightless eyes turned toward him wonderingly. Her breath came and went as though she had been awakened by sudden pain. At the moment Mrs. Danby came into the room, and stood looking from one to the other, startled and troubled.

"Allie and I are trying to decide whether or not you will let me come and live here. May I come, Mary?" asked the doctor, rising to his feet.

"Mamma will say yes, Mabby. Listen!" murmured the child, with a pleased sigh. "We shall all be so happy."

When the mother heard this she said "yes" without delay. The doctor strode over toward her, well pleased. Allie babbled on softly to the unseen confidante, and the other pair went on cooing even more deliciously on the other side of the room.

In another month the new doctor had come to live here always, only going away to look after such patients as *would* get sick in the pleasantest village in the valley, and along the greenest hill-sides in the world. Allie generally rode with him in all weather, and always with the keenest enjoyment. She soon found the lost roses for her cheeks; and with them slowly came back again the mental powers which had been so long astray.

The next year, when a baby brother came to gladden the household, Allie held him in her arms at sunset, singing a pleasant lullaby. She could never look upon his beloved face, and she knew now that Mab had gone, and yet her heart was full of happiness and gratitude. There in the old stone house of yore there was a new happy family; and the dear little mother had become a wiser and a better woman, but she was almost as light-hearted as ever.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

This great Italian patriot and agitator, whose character and services are discussed in our editorial columns, was born at Genoa, June 28, 1808. His family was wealthy and highly respected. He was educated for the law at the University of Genoa, whence he graduated with the first honors. From his mother he inherited the enthusiasm and the political beliefs that marked his whole career.

At the age of twenty-two he was inspired by the outbreak of the French revolution to attempt a similar movement in Italy, in connection with the Carbonari; but the government discovered his plans, and **Mazzini** was arrested and imprisoned in the citadel of Savona for six months, and then banished from the country. On leaving Italy he went to Marseilles, which was then the head-quarters of political exiles, and gave his entire thought and time to the cause of Italian liberty. Certain political complications compelled him to quit France in 1833, and seek refuge in Switzerland. Here he instituted his first forcible attempt to revolutionize Italy. He marched into Piedmont at the head of 1000 men, but was met and completely routed by the royal troops.

Mazzini made his escape into Switzerland, and there occupied himself for the next three years, organizing an association under the name of "New Europe," which gradually extended its ramifications through France, Poland, Italy, and Germany. But in 1837 he was compelled to leave Switzerland, and took up his residence in London, where, while still continuing his revolutionary projects, he maintained himself by writing for the newspapers and magazines.

The revolutionary movements of 1848 called him once more from retirement. He hastened to Rome, and there assisted in organizing an army. But he was not a leader. He had no military talent, and almost every practical move was a failure. The French drove him from the Eternal City, and he was again compelled to seek refuge in Switzerland. After several unsuccessful attempts to incite insurrection in Austria and Italy, he returned to London, where he passed most of his time until his death. Only a short time before that event, which took place a few days since in the Tyrol, he was planning a revolution in Sardinia against the government of **Victor Emanuel**. His portrait, on page 244, shows an interesting but melancholy and almost hopeless face.

THE NEW CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

On page 245 our readers will find a sketch from the architect's drawings of the new City Hall in San Francisco, the corner-stone of which was laid with Masonic honors on the 22d of February last. The design exhibits a free and bold type of modern classical architecture, the treatment of the details having French character, and the elevations are sufficiently elaborate, while carefully avoiding the excessive ornamentation so often displayed in attempts to imitate the style of the French Renaissance school. The height of the building to the top of the parapet, in the principal part of the elevations, will be 84 feet, and the frontages will be respectively 800, 660, and 500 feet in length. The main building incloses a square open court, surrounded by a piazza, measuring 125 feet by 121 feet, giving ample means for light and ventilation to the interior parts of the building. The principal entrance will be through a circular entrance hall 79 feet in diameter, with a clear internal height of 67 feet. Around this there will be galleries for communication at the upper floor levels. In front of the grand entrance there will be a portico 24 feet wide, embracing rather more than a quadrant of a circle. The great central tower, which is designed to surmount the principal entrance, will be about 290 feet high.

The Hall of Records, as shown in our illustration, will be detached from the main building by a space of 50 feet, except a connection by an open arcade leading from one of the corridors of the main building. It will be surrounded by an open arched piazza, except for a small distance, where this will be inclosed for offices for the Recorder and his clerks. The outside diameter of the piazza will be 136 feet. The inside diameter of the hall will be 86 feet. The dome will be 57 feet in diameter, supported by 12 iron columns rising from the floor. These columns, which also support the galleries, will form a circle 56 feet in diameter, and will be connected together by arches springing from ornamental capitals at a height of 58 feet from the floor. The centre of the hall will be open to the top of the dome, giving an internal height of 120 feet. The height from the terrace to the top of the dome will be 126 feet, and this will be surmounted by a pedestal and statue, increasing the height to a total of about 135 feet. This hall will be completely fire-proof.

The architect of this fine structure, Mr. **Augustus Laver**, has exhibited great skill in overcoming the difficulties presented by the peculiar shape of the site selected by the city. It is proposed to erect the building in the most substantial manner, with every precaution against damage by earthquakes, and also to make it as secure from fire as the means provided will allow.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The government of New South Wales, following the lead of Europe and the United States, has introduced the system of telegraphing the anticipations of the weather, and has established certain stations on the coast for indicating the nature of any expected storm by means of signal masts. These signal masts support two yards, crossing each other at right angles in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass. A violent squall is to be represented by a conspicuous diamond-shaped signal; a heavy sea by a drum; a gale with clear weather is indicated by a diamond-shaped signal over a drum; and one with thick weather and rain, with the same signal under a drum. The direction in which the wind is blowing is indicated by the particular yard-arm between which and the mast-head the geometrical signal is suspended. Gales that are general over a large portion of the coast are indicated without the mast-head flags, by the geometrical figures.

The death of Dr. **William Baird**, of the British Museum, on the 27th of January last, represents one of the most serious losses among the votaries of natural science for some time past. In the earlier years of his life he received the appointment of surgeon of the East India Company, and in this capacity was enabled to visit India and China, where he made numerous collections and observations in natural history, some of which were published in different periodicals. His first important work was the "Cyclopedia of the Natural Sciences," which appeared in 1838. With this evidence of his qualifications he was appointed assistant in the zoological department of the British Museum in 1841, which position he held at the time of his death. His researches while connected with the Museum have been principally upon the entomostracans. He was more recently employed in preparing a general catalogue of the entozoa, for which he had excellent advantages, and which, in all probability, had he lived to complete it, would have been a very valuable addition to our zoological hand-books. Dr. **Baird** was sixty-nine years of age at the time of his death, having been born in 1803.

The fishing season on the coast of Norway has been unusually good during the past winter, no less than 500,000 casks, principally codfish, having been filled with cured fish. Few persons realize the fact that the cod-fisheries of Norway are very much more important than those of the United States. Such is, however, the case. In 1868, according to the report of Colonel **Cutts**, the total number of vessels, large and small, engaged in the sea fisheries of the United States was scarcely 3000, manned by crews amounting to 28,000. Norway, on the other hand, had 8500 vessels and boats and 38,000 men engaged in the same season. The value of the product gathered in the one case amounted to about nine millions of dollars; in the other to over thirteen millions.

According to a communication to the Geological Society of Hungary, the remains of a man, associated with post-tertiary remains of mammalia, together with a stone hammer, have lately been discovered in the loess deposits of Hungary, in the neighborhood of Brüx, in Bohemia. These were in nearly a complete condition. The cranium strongly resembles in its characteristics the well-known fragment from the Neanderthal, although differing in certain peculiarities mentioned in the article. The skeleton was found lying with the head raised, in a sand-bed of diluvial age, at a depth of two feet from the surface.

Considerable interest was excited a year or two ago by the announcement that **Carl Mauch**, the well-known German traveler, had discovered the land of Ophir of the Bible, whence the Tyro-Israelitish navy of Kings **Hiram** and **Solomon** "came once in three years, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." The region referred to by **Mauch** lies in Southeastern Africa, north of Natal; and the country, which was highly auriferous, was found to abound in ruins which certainly must have been of very great antiquity.

A recent circular of Dr. **Petermann** contains additional information from Herr **Mauch** of the discovery of an ancient city, situated in latitude 20° 14′ south and longitude 31° 48′ east, 200 geographical miles due west of the port of Sofala, and about 100 miles north of the Limpopo River. Here ruins of buildings were found with walls 30 feet high, 15 feet thick, and 450 feet across, a tower and other erections formed exclusively of hewn granite, without mortar, and with ornaments which seem to show that they are neither Portuguese nor Arabian, and not improbably of the age of the Phœnicians, or Tyrians, and King **Solomon**.

Mr. **Charles Beke**, in a communication to the *Athenæum*, reviewing these supposed discoveries, remarks that if this be the original location of Ophir, it does not at all follow that the gold exported therefrom was produced in the vicinity; since, even if collected there from a great distance, and there first brought into general commerce, it would be not unnaturally "Ophir" gold. Thus he instances the "Turkey" rhubarb, "Mocha" coffee, "Leghorn" hats, "Zanzibar" copal, etc., all of them articles not produced in the places mentioned, but simply exported thence.

In making an excavation on the banks of the Amoor River a stone axe of nephrite, or jade, and beautifully finished, was found at a depth of about three feet. This fact is the more interesting as it bears upon the question in regard to the celebrated stone-tipped arrows which were used by the primeval inhabitants of Manchooria as late as the twelfth century. It was with arrows winged with eagles' feathers and tipped with nephrite points that this people paid their tribute to China while they were under its dominion. The precise locality of nephrite in Manchooria is unknown, although it is stated by some to have been on a mountain to the northwest of that country.

Dr. G. E. **Day**, late Chandos Professor in the University of St. Andrew, Scotland, died at Torquay, January 31, at the age of fifty-six. This gentleman, although his researches were more in the line of medicine and pathology, made numerous communications on the subject of natural history to the pages of the British scientific journals. He was one of the founders of the Pathological and Cavendish societies.

We learn with regret of the death, at his plantation not far from Vera Cruz, of Dr. **Charles Sartorius**, a gentleman well known in the United States and Europe as a naturalist and meteorologist. Few students of the zoology and botany of Mexico have failed to become acquainted with the labors of the doctor, as shown by the numerous specimens sent to the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, to the American Entomological Society, etc.

An organization entitled the Bloomington Scientific Association was instituted at Bloomington, Illinois, in 1871, having for its object the diffusion and popularizing of science in that State. The officers are Professor B. S. **Perry**, Mr. R. H. **Holder**, Dr. **Vasey**, and Mr. J. A. **Jackman**. The society already has a large number of members, meets frequently, and, we trust, will be of greater permanence than several similar establishments which have preceded it in the same region.

Dr. **Rae** responds, in *Nature*, to a communication in that same journal referring to the death of 3000 Indians from small-pox in the Saskatchewan district during the past year. The most valuable portion of the traffic of the Hudson Bay Company with the Indians in that region is in the skins of the marten, or Hudson Bay sable, and the doctor calls attention to a well-known relation between martens, rabbits, and Indians. The rabbits of the country, *Lepus campestris* of **Bachman**, have varying periods of abundance, increasing for a number of years, and then becoming suddenly attacked by an epidemic which carries them off in immense numbers.

When most numerous they are preyed upon by the martens, which collect about the haunts of the rabbits in great abundance, and the Indians flock to the same region; and while finding ample sustenance from the rabbits, set their traps for the martens, the skins of which they secure. The natives, therefore, have plenty to eat, and can obtain all they need otherwise by trading their peltry. Whenever the rabbits become scarce, however, the martens do not congregate, and the Indians have no fixed points at which to establish themselves for the season; and being reduced to very great straits for lack of food, are then obliged to depend upon fishing, or hunting the buffalo, deer, or other animals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Among the crowded and confusing places about us, the entrances to Fulton Ferry, both on the New York and on the Brooklyn side, stand prominent. The passage of endless cars, carts, and stages through South Street, the business of sundry markets in immediate proximity, and the constant stream of passengers from one city to the other, produce a *mélange* on the New York side which necessitates the constant services of the police to prevent collisions and entanglement. On the Brooklyn side things are very different; but in the busiest parts of the day, when the rush is great, it is even more difficult to make a passage through obstructions. It is some alleviation of difficulties that by recent arrangements one set of passengers is kept behind an iron grating, looking for all the world like impatient wild beasts in a menagerie, until the incoming passengers have left the ferry-boat. But Brooklyn policemen do not trouble themselves to make a passage for men, women, and children through the fourteen lines of horse-railroads which start their cars from Fulton Ferry. Each one is privileged to get through as he can. And with one long line of carts and carriages issuing from the boat, and another waiting to go upon it, and scores of newspaper boys thrusting their papers into every body's face, it is no easy matter to escape being knocked down by car or cart. These enterprising newspaper boys, however useful they may be, should not be allowed to obstruct the thoroughfare. The great number of cars which start from Fulton Ferry are an immense convenience—a necessity, even—to Brooklyn people. But they would gladly welcome such mitigation of discomfort in forcing a passage through a blocked-up street as the very best arrangements could produce.

It is a noteworthy fact that the commissioners recently appointed to investigate the management of the organized charities in New York State received the keys of two hundred and forty charitable institutions. A large amount is every year expended for the poor, the orphans, and the friendless. And though sometimes the funds may be misapplied or even squandered, that a vast amount of real good is accomplished there is no question. How excellent a thing would it be if we had as many charities for the prevention as for the relief of misery, want, and crime!

"Twenty Years Ago" is the third of the series of books for girls edited by the author of "John Halifax." Those who have read "Little Sunshine's Holliday" and "The Cousin from India" will not need to have this latest volume of the series recommended to them.

Seal-skins are as yet the principal importation from Alaska to San Francisco. Previous to the purchase of that Territory San Francisco had scarcely any trade in furs; now it receives not only the furs of Alaska, but also those from Siberia. The Siberian furs are said to be much finer than any yet brought from Alaska.

An exchange says that among the literary curiosities in a library in Southampton, England, is an old Bible, known as the "Bug Bible," printed by John Daye, 1551, with the prologue by Tyndale. It derives its name from the peculiar rendering of the fifth verse in Psalm xci., which reads thus: "So that thou shalt not be afraid of any bugs by night." Our version of the Bible renders the passage, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night."

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* thus describes the dress of the Japanese embassy on the occasion of their reception at the White House:

"On the President's right were the ten Eastern representatives. The first five stood a little forward of the other five, because they preceded them in rank, and were dressed somewhat differently from the remainder. They wore garments which are never allowed to be upon their persons except in the presence of a ruler of a great nation, and when engaged upon the highest diplomatic duty. This dress consisted of a blue silk skirt, embroidered with white, which reached almost to the floor, just allowing the queer, sandaled feet to become visible. This was surmounted by a black silken tunic fastened at the waist, which did not allow the arms to be of much use. The head was covered by a courtier's hat of device indescribable, with a long metallic ribbon-like streamer falling down the back. A stranger costume can hardly be conceived. Those of lesser rank wore the same skirt and tunic, but the head-gear seemed to be made of patent-leather, banded with soft white material."

The loss entailed by the great snow blockade on the Union Pacific road is immense. It has caused the entire commercial exchange between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts to be arrested, and seriously interfered with the business of Europe with China and Australia. Besides general commercial losses, individual passengers have suffered from the delays, the late mails have occasioned distress, and the Union Pacific has been greatly damaged. Twenty-five locomotives are now laid up for repairs.

Massaranduba is the name of a tree in the valley of the Amazon which has lately been brought to the notice of Europeans. Its wood is valuable, and is used for many purposes; but its chief peculiarity is that from the trunk, upon incision, flows a kind of milk, which, when fresh, is used for food, mixed with water or some other liquid. It hardens on exposure to the air, and is then elastic.

Although the gold pen is now extensively used, we would be led to the conclusion that, after all, the steel pen is the popular implement, from the fact that for some years previous to Joseph Gillott's death his manufactory in Birmingham produced an average of 150,000,000 pens annually. Gillott commenced making his famous steel pens about thirty-five years ago. How many tons of them he has manufactured! Supposing that for the last thirty years only half of 150,000,000 had been the annual average production, the pens sent out by this one man—allowing each pen to be an inch in length—would reach nearly one and a half times around the earth, if laid lengthwise. The number of books, sermons, lectures, essays, letters, newspaper editorials, stories, poems, school compositions, and copy-books written with these pens is a subject worthy of wondering thought.

The "stove-pipe" hat so generally worn by gentlemen has received more hard knocks, verbal and otherwise, than any other article of their attire. But now it has found an advocate in Dr. Nichols, who, in his "Fireside Science," calls it "absurd," to be sure, but also says:

"For thirty years we have worn this kind of head-covering, and we like it better than any other; we have tried hard to like the low, soft hats, but we can not; and this is the experience of thousands. Absurd as the high, hard hat is, it does keep the head more comfortable, it does maintain a more equable temperature, it does *feel* better, than any other form of head-covering; and so let us continue to knock them against beams in attics and the branches of trees. If they serve a good purpose in brushing cobwebs from the roofs of old garrets and stables, they also protect us from bad bumps, and keep our heads comfortable."

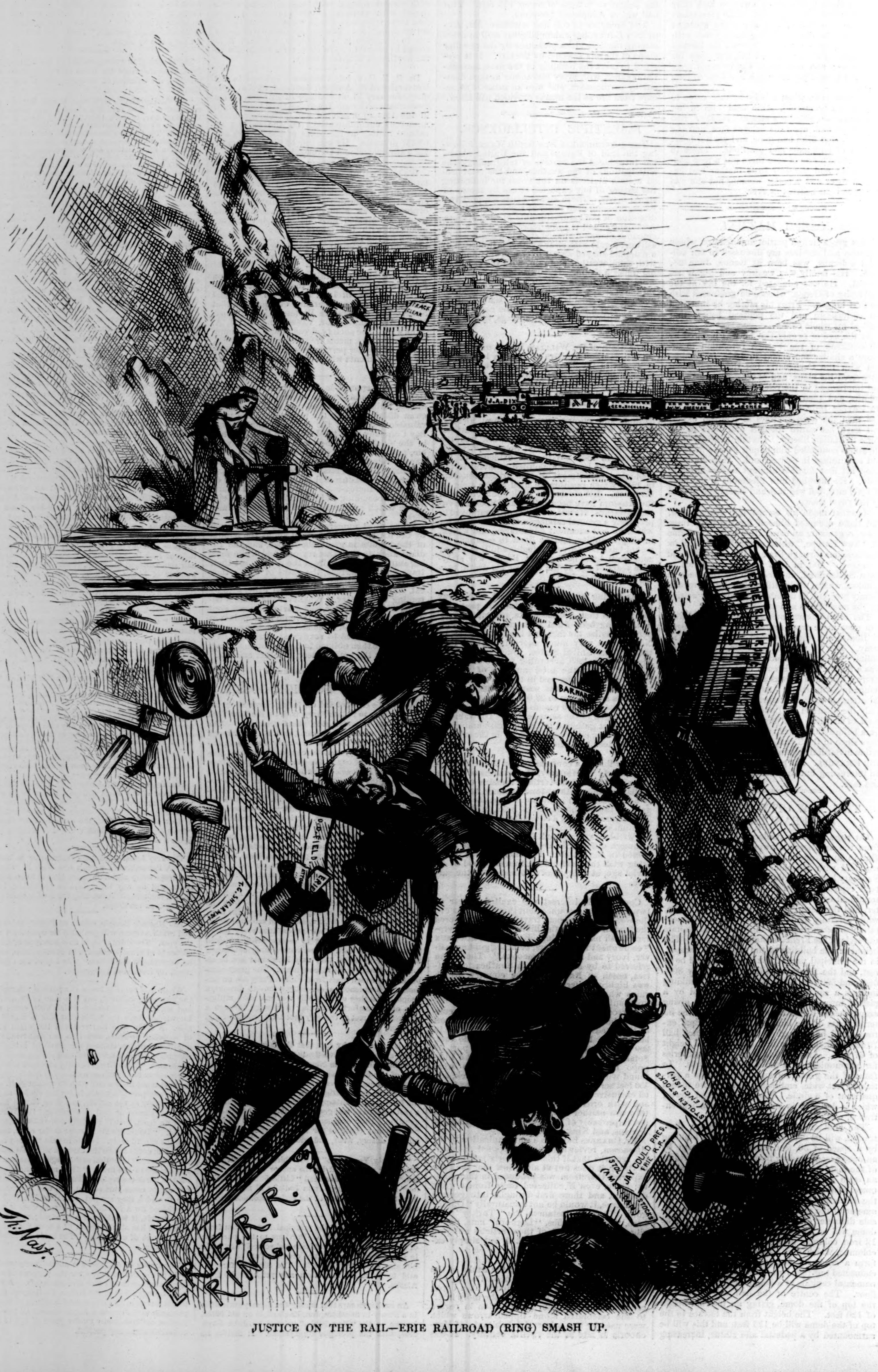
Washington has set some most sensible fashions: if the rest of the world will only follow such, society will be improved. For example, at one of the finest entertainments (our informant says *the* finest) given in that city this winter, the cards of invitation read "from eight to ten o'clock P.M." Let sensible people make a note of that.

The very latest cure for consumption is kerosene oil. A Pennsylvania woman has tried it. She took ten drops every night. We are glad to learn that kerosene will do any thing besides exploding, but we should recommend consulting the doctor before swallowing even ten drops.

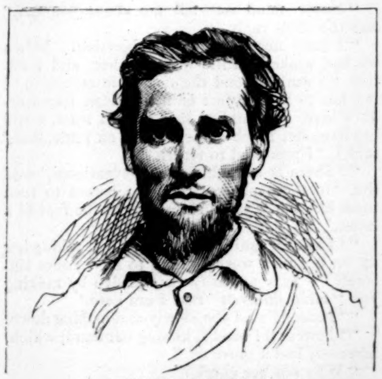
The Masonic Temple, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, will probably be completed within the year. The third story is now nearly finished. The edifice is of granite, massive in construction, and will be exceedingly handsome. The top of the dome will reach 165 feet above the ground.

We do not actually know the parties referred to in the following incident, but it is said to be authentic, and similar circumstances which have come to our knowledge force the belief that this is highly probable. A bride who had received the usual number of wedding presents, and also the usual number of duplicate articles, claimed the privilege accorded the recipients of such favors of exchanging some of the duplicates. Accordingly one day she took a duplicate silver salver to one of our most noted and reliable dealers, and made known her wish to exchange it. What was her surprise, however, to see the shop-man glance suspiciously at the article, and deny that it had ever been purchased at that establishment! "Where did it come from, then?" the lady somewhat indignantly asked. "Doubtless from some dollar store, madam," was the candid reply. It was in vain the lady asserted that such could not be the case; in vain that she called the shop-man's attention to the elegant case bearing the trade-mark of the firm. "That makes no difference, madam," was the reply. "There is a great demand for our empty cases this season, and this is probably the use to which they are put. A salver like that can be purchased for a few dollars, whereas, were it the genuine article, it would cost a hundred; and the donor fancies he has all the credit of a *bona fide* gift if it is sent in one of our cases." The bride departed wiser and sadder.

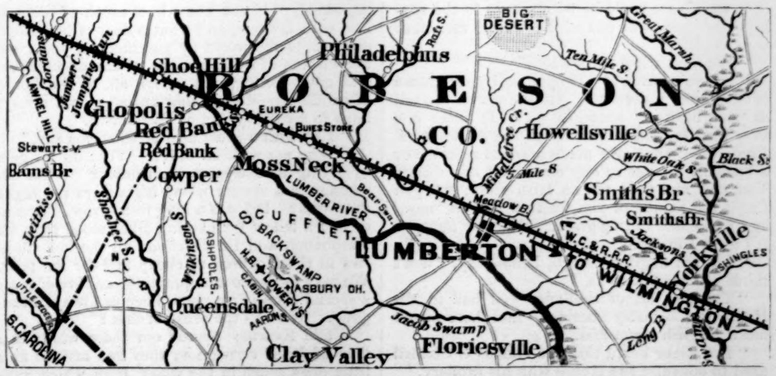
Thousands of children are annually exported from Italy to the United States for the purpose of making them organ-grinders and street-beggars. A bill has been brought before the Italian Parliament designed to put a stop to this disgraceful traffic in children. It punishes with five years' imprisonment all persons exporting children under twelve years of age to foreign countries under any pretext.


TRACK CLEAR
J.A. DIX
GEN. SICKLES
ERIE R.R. RING
BARNARD
D.D. FIELD
ERIE
T.G. SHEARMAN
STOLEN STOCKS (ENGLISH)
JAY GOULD PRES. ERIE R.R.
STOLEN STOCKS (AMERICAN)
ERIE R.R. RING.
Th. Nast.

JUSTICE ON THE RAIL—ERIE RAILROAD (RING) SMASH UP.



THOMAS LOWERY.


ROBESON
CO.
BIG DESERT
Philadelphus
Shoe Hill
Gilopolis
Red Banks
Red Bank
Eureka
Bues Store
Moss Neck
Cowper
Stewarts v.
Bams Br
Lawrel Hill
Jordans
Juniper C.
Jumping Run
Leith's S.
Shoeheel S.
Wilkinson S.
Ashpoles.
Queensdale
Clay Valley
Aarons
Cabin
H.B. Lowery's
Back Swamp
Asbury Ch.
Scufflet.
Lumber River
Bear Sea.
LUMBERTON
To Wilmington
W.C.&R.R.R.
Jacob Swamp
Floriesville
Raft S.
Ten Mile S.
Great Marsh
Howellsville
Middletree Cr.
5 Mile S
Meadow B.
White Oak S
Black S.
Smiths Br
Smiths Br
Jacksons
Yorkville
Shingles
Long B
Swamps
Little Pedee
S. Carolina
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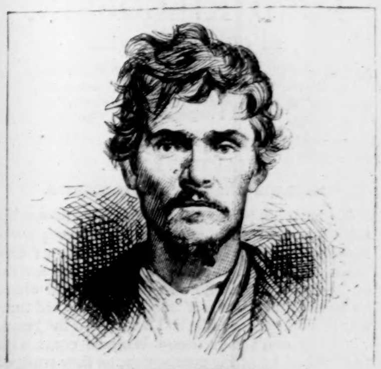
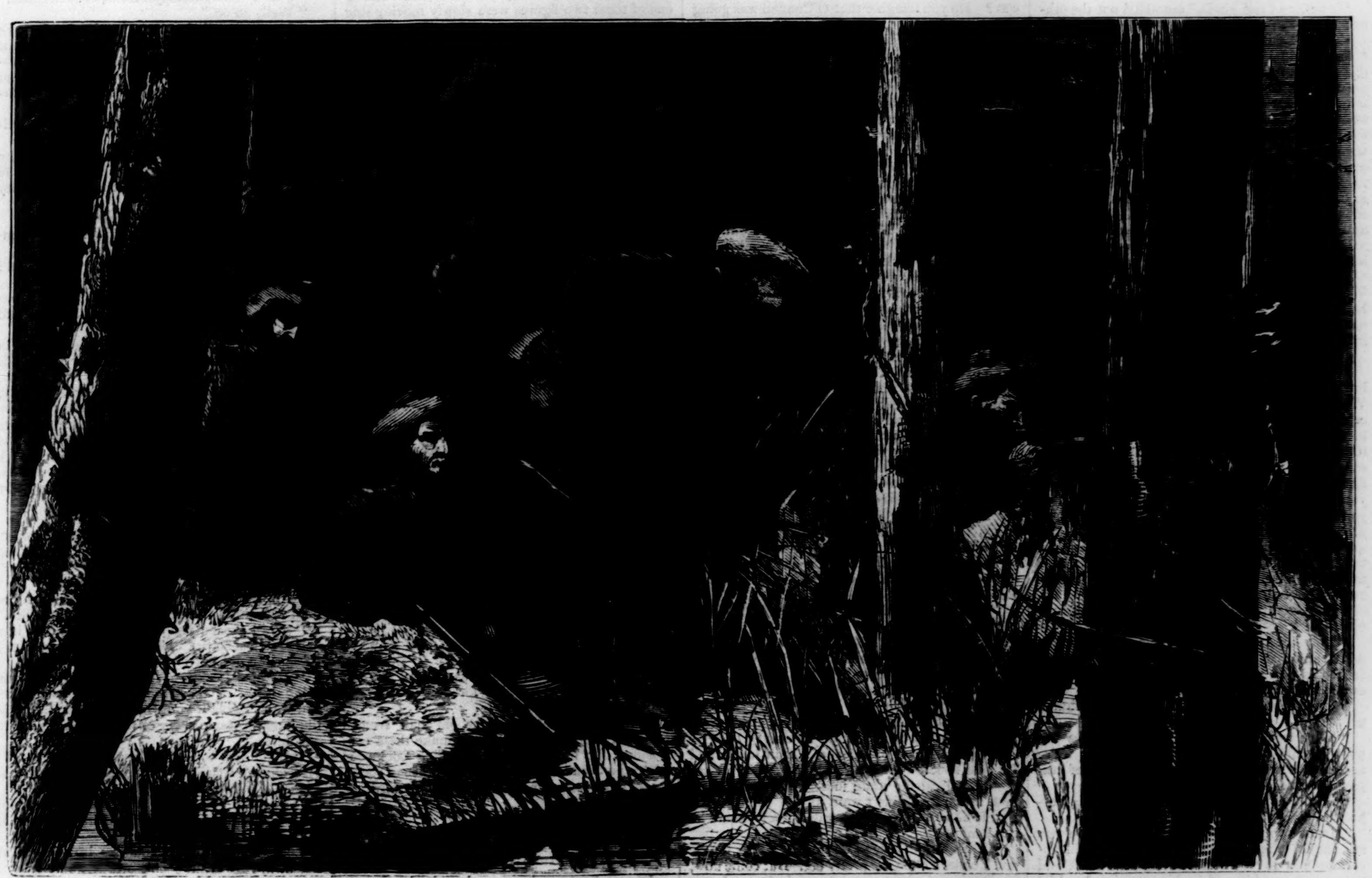
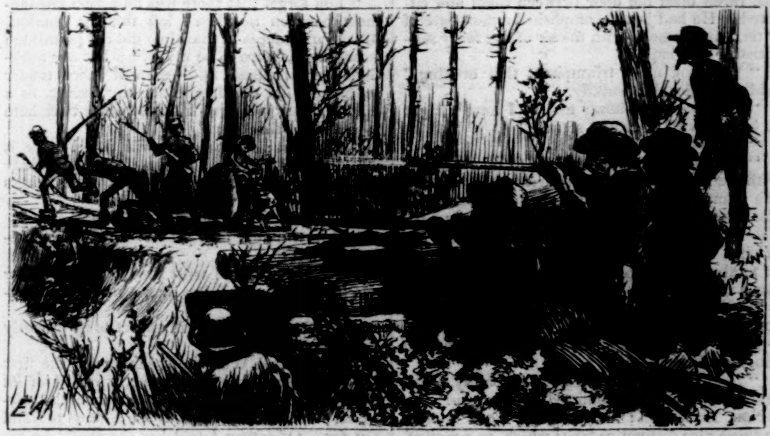
ROBESON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA—THE SCENE OF THE BANDITS' OPERATIONS.



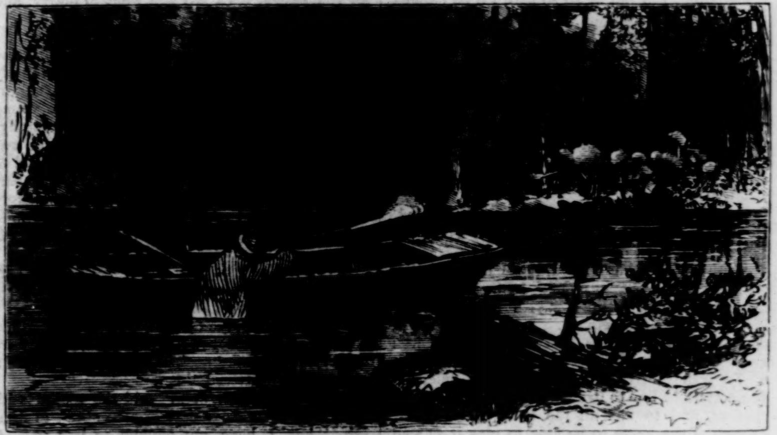
CALVIN OXENDINE.



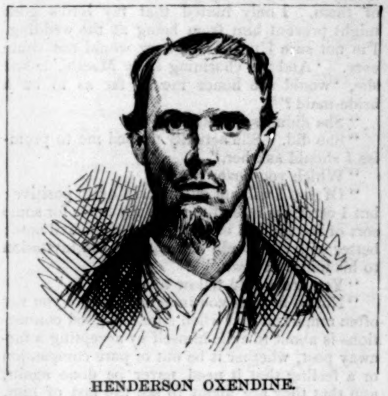
HENRY BERRY LOWERY AND HIS GANG IN THE SWAMP.



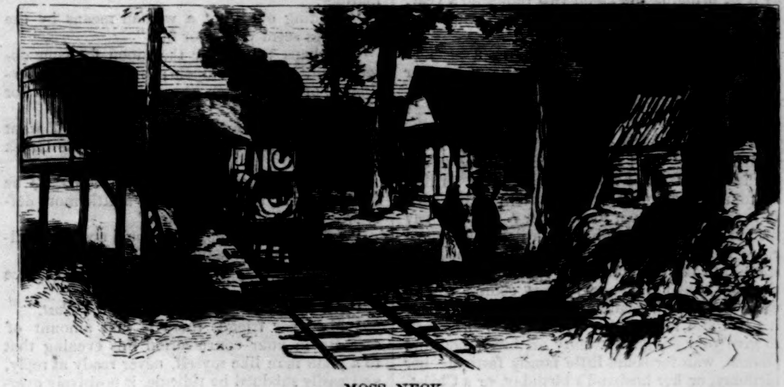
RESCUE OF LOWERY'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.



A SHREWD MANŒUVRE.



HENDERSON OXENDINE.



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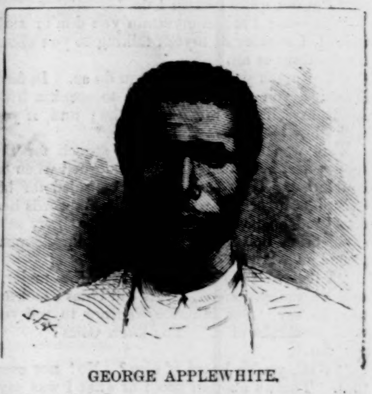


GEORGE APPLEWHITE.

THE NORTH CAROLINA BANDITS.—FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 251.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXV.

MAURICE KEARNEY'S REFLECTIONS.

To have his house full of company, to see his table crowded with guests, was nearer perfect happiness than any thing Kearney knew; and when he set out, the morning after the arrival of the strangers, to show Major Lockwood where he would find a brace of woodcocks, the old man was in such spirits as he had not known for years.

"Why don't your friend Walpole come with us?" asked he of his companion, as they trudged across the bog.

"I believe I can guess," mumbled out the other; "but I'm not quite sure I ought to tell."

"I see," said Kearney, with a knowing leer; "he's afraid I'll roast him about that unlucky dispatch he wrote. He thinks I'll give him no peace about that bit of stupidity; for you see, major, it *was* stupid, and nothing less. Of all the things we despise in Ireland, take my word for it, there is nothing we think so little of as a weak Government. We can stand up strong and bold against hard usage, and we gain self-respect by resistance; but when you come down to conciliations and what you call healing measures, we feel as if you were going to humbug us, and there is not a devilment comes into our heads we would not do, just to see how you'll bear it: and it's then your London newspapers cry out: 'What's the use of doing any thing for Ireland? We pulled down the Church, and we robbed the landlords, and we're now going to back Cardinal Cullen for them, and there they are murthering away as bad as ever.'"

"Is it not true?" asked the major.

"And whose fault if it *is* true? Who has broke down the laws in Ireland but yourselves? We Irish never said that many things *you* called crimes were bad in morals, and when it occurs to you now to doubt if they are crimes, I'd like to ask you, why wouldn't *we* do them? You won't give us our independence, and so we'll fight for it; and though, maybe, we can't lick you, we'll make your life so uncomfortable to you, keeping us down, that you'll beg a compromise—a healing measure, you'll call it—just as when I won't give Tim Sullivan a lease, he takes a shot at me; and as I reckon the holes in my hat, I think better of it, and take a pound or two off his rent."

"So that, in fact, you court the policy of conciliation?"

"Only because I'm weak, major—because I'm weak, and that I must live in the neighborhood. If I could pass my days out of the range of Tim's carbine, I wouldn't reduce him a shilling."

"I can make nothing of Ireland or Irishmen either."

"Why would you? God help us! we are poor enough and wretched enough; but we're not come down to that yet that a major of dragoons can read us like big print."

"So far as I see, you wish for a strong despotism."

"In one way it would suit us well. Do you see, major, what a weak administration and uncertain laws do? They set every man in Ireland about righting himself by his own hand. If I know I shall be starved when I'm turned out of my holding, I'm not at all so sure I'll be hanged if I shoot my landlord. Make me as certain of one as the other, and I'll not shoot him."

"I believe I understand you."

"No, you don't, nor any cockney among you."

"I'm not a cockney."

"I don't care; you're the same: you're not one of us; nor, if you spent fifty years among us, would you understand us."

"Come over and see me in Berkshire, Kearney, and let me see if you can read our people much better."

"From all I hear, there's not much to read. Your chawbacon isn't as 'cute a fellow as Pat."

"He's easier to live with."

"Maybe so; but I wouldn't care for a life with such people about me. I like human nature and human feelings—ay, human passions, if you must call them so. I want to know I can make some people love me, though I well know there must be others will hate me. You're all for tranquillity over in England—a quiet life you call it. I like to live without knowing what's coming, and to feel all the time that I know enough of the game to be able to play it as well as my neighbors. Do you follow me now, major?"

"I'm not quite certain I do."

"No—but I'm quite certain you don't; and, indeed, I wonder at myself talking to you about these things at all."

"I'm much gratified that you do so. In fact, Kearney, you give me courage to speak a little about myself and my own affairs; and, if you will allow me, to ask your advice."

This was an unusually long speech for the major, and he actually seemed fatigued when he concluded. He was, however, consoled for his exertions by seeing what pleasure his words had conferred on Kearney, and with what racy self-satisfaction that gentleman heard himself mentioned as a "wise opinion."

"I believe I do know a little of life, major," said he, sententiously. "As old Giles Dackson used to say, 'Get Maurice Kearney to tell you what he thinks of it.' You knew Giles?"

"No."

"Well, you've heard of him? No! not even that. There's another proof of what I was saying—we're two people, the English and the Irish. If it wasn't so, you'd be no stranger to the sayings and doings of one of the 'cutest men that ever lived."

"We have witty fellows too."

"No, you haven't! Do you call your House of Commons' jokes wit? Are the stories you tell at your hustings' speeches wit? Is there one over there"—and he pointed in the direction of England—"that ever made a smart repartee or a brilliant answer to any one about any thing? You now and then tell an Irish story, and you forget the point; or you quote a French 'mot,' and leave out the epigram. Don't be angry—it's truth I'm telling you."

"I'm not angry; though, I must say, I don't think you are fair to us."

"The last bit of brilliancy you had in the House was Brinsley Sheridan—and there wasn't much English about *him*."

"I've never heard that the famous O'Connell used to convulse the House with his drollery."

"Why should he? Didn't he know where he was? Do you imagine that O'Connell was going to do like poor Lord Killeen, who shipped a cargo of coal-scuttles to Africa?"

"Will you explain to me, then, how, if you are so much shrewder and wittier and cleverer than us, that it does not make you richer, more prosperous, and more contented?"

"I could do that too, but I'm losing the birds. There's a cock now. Well done! I see you can shoot a bit. Look here, major, there's a deal in race—in the blood of a people. It's very hard to make a light-hearted, joyous people thrifty. It's your sullen fellow, that never cuts a joke, nor wants any one to laugh at it, that's the man who saves. If you're a wit, you want an audience, and the best audience is round a dinner-table; and we know what that costs. Now Ireland has been very pleasant for the last hundred and fifty years in that fashion, and you, and scores of other low-spirited, depressed fellows, come over here to pluck up and rouse yourselves, and you go home and you wonder why the people who amused you were not always as jolly as you saw them. I've known this country now nigh sixty years, and I never knew a turn of prosperity that didn't make us stupid; and, upon my conscience, I believe, if we ever begin to grow rich, we'll not be a bit better than yourselves."

"That would be very dreadful," said the other, in mock horror.

"So it would, whether you mean it or not. There's a hare missed this time!"

"I was thinking of something I wanted to ask you. The fact is, Kearney, I have a thing on my mind now."

"Is it a duel? It's many a day since I was out, but I used to know every step of the way as well as most men."

"No; it's not a duel!"

"It's money, then! Bother it for money. What a deal of bad blood it leads to! Tell me all about it, and I'll see if I can't deal with it."

"No, it's not money; it has nothing to do with money. I'm not hard up. I was never less so."

"Indeed!" cried Kearney, staring at him.

"Why, what do you mean by that?"

"I was curious to see how a man looks, and I'd like to know how he feels, that didn't want money. I can no more understand it than if a man told me he didn't want air."

"If he had enough to breathe freely, could he need more?"

"That would depend on the size of his lungs, and I believe mine are pretty big. But come now, if there's nobody you want to shoot, and you have a good balance at the banker's, what can ail you, except it's a girl you want to marry, and she won't have you?"

"Well, there is a lady in the case."

"Ay, ay! she's a married woman," cried Kearney, closing one eye, and looking intensely cunning. "Then I may tell you at once, major, I'm no use to you whatever. If it was a young girl that liked you against the wish of her family, or that you were in love with though she was below you in condition, or that was promised to another man but wanted to get out of her bargain, I'm good for any of these, or scores more of the same kind; but if it's mischief, and misery, and life-long sorrow you have in your head, you must look out for another adviser."

"It's nothing of the kind," said the other, bluntly. "It's marriage I was thinking of. I want to settle down and have a wife."

"And why couldn't you, if you think it would be any comfort to you?" The last words were rather uttered than spoken, and sounded like a sad reflection uttered aloud.

"I'm not a rich man," said the major, with that strain it always cost him to speak of himself, "but I have got enough to live on. A goodish old house, and a small estate, underlet as it is, bringing me about two thousand a year, and some expectations, as they call them, from an old grand-aunt."

"You have enough, if you marry a prudent girl," muttered Kearney, who was never happier than when advocating moderation and discretion.

"Enough, at least, not to look for money with a wife."

"I'm with you there, heart and soul," cried Kearney. "Of all the shabby inventions of our civilization, I don't know one as mean as that custom of giving a marriage-portion with a girl. Is it to induce a man to take her? Is it to pay for her board and lodging? Is it because marriage is a partnership, and she must bring her share into the 'concern?' or is it to provide for the day when they are to part company, and each go his own road? Take it how you like, it's bad and it's shabby. If you're rich enough to give your daughter twenty or thirty thousand pounds, wait for some little family festival—her birthday, or her husband's birthday, or a Christmas gathering, or maybe a christening—and put the notes in her hand. Oh, major dear," cried he, aloud, "if you knew how much of life you lose with lawyers, and what a deal of bad blood comes into the world by parchments, you'd see the wisdom of trusting more to human kindness and good feeling, and, above all, to the honor of gentlemen—things that nowadays we always hope to secure by Act of Parliament."

"I go with a great deal of what you say."

"Why not with all of it? What do we gain by trying to overreach each other? What advantage in a system where it's always the rogue that wins? If I was a king to-morrow, I'd rather fine a fellow for quoting Blackstone than for blasphemy, and I'd distribute all the law libraries in the kingdom as cheap fuel for the poor. We pray for peace and quietness, and we educate a special class of people to keep us always wrangling. Where's the sense of that?"

While Kearney poured out these words in a flow of fervid conviction, they had arrived at a little open space in the wood, from which various alleys led off in different directions. Along one of these two figures were slowly moving side by side, whom Lockwood quickly recognized as Walpole and Nina Kostalergi. Kearney did not see them, for his attention was suddenly called off by a shout from a distance, and his son Dick rode hastily up to the spot. "I have been in search of you all through the plantation," cried he. "I have brought back Holmes, the lawyer, from Tullamore, who wants to talk to you about this affair of Gorman's. It's going to be a bad business, I fear."

"Isn't that more of what I was saying?" said the old man, turning to the major. "There's law for you!"

"They are making what they call a 'National' event of it," continued Dick. "The *Pike* has opened a column of subscriptions to defray the cost of proceedings, and they've engaged Battersby with a hundred-guinea retainer already."

It appeared from what tidings Dick brought back from the town that the Nationalists—to give them the much unmerited name by which they called themselves—were determined to show how they could dictate to a jury.

"There's law for you!" cried the old man again.

"You'll have to take to vigilance committees, like the Yankees," said the major.

"We've had them for years; but they only shoot their political opponents."

"They say, too," broke in the young man, "that Donogan is in the town, and that it is he who has organized the whole prosecution. In fact, he intends to make Battersby's speech for the plaintiff a great declaration of the wrongs of Ireland; and as Battersby hates the Chief Baron, who will try the cause, he is determined to insult the Bench, even at the cost of a commitment."

"What will he gain by that?" asked Lockwood.

"I'll tell you what he'll gain—he'll gain the election of Mallow," said Kearney. "Every one can not have a father that was hanged in '98; but any one can go to jail for blackguarding a Chief Justice."

For a moment or two the old man seemed ashamed at having been led to make these confessions to "the Saxon," and telling Lockwood where he would be likely to find a brace of cocks, he took his son's arm and turned homeward.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

VERY CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATION.

WHEN Lockwood returned, only in time to dress for dinner, Walpole, whose room adjoined his, threw open the door between them and entered. He had just accomplished a most careful "tie," and came in with the air of one fairly self-satisfied and happy.

"You look quite triumphant this evening," said the major, half sulkily.

"So I am, old fellow; and so I have a right to be. It's all done and settled."

"Already?"

"Ay, already. I asked her to take a stroll with me in the garden; but we sauntered off into the plantation. A woman always understands the exact amount of meaning a man has in a request of this kind, and her instinct reveals to her at once whether he is eager to tell her some bit of fatal scandal of one of her friends, or to make her a declaration."

A sort of sulky grunt was Lockwood's acknowledgment of this piece of abstract wisdom—a sort of knowledge he never listened to with much patience.

"I am aware," said Walpole, flippantly, "the female nature was an omitted part in your education, Lockwood; and you take small interest in those nice distinctive traits which, to a man of the world, are exactly what the stars are to the mariner."

"Finding out what a woman means by the stars does seem very poor fun."

"Perhaps you prefer the moon for your observation," replied Walpole; and the easy impertinence of his manner was almost too much for the other's patience.

"I don't care for your speculations—I want to hear what passed between you and the Greek girl."

"The Greek girl will in a very few days be Mrs. Walpole, and I shall crave a little more deference for the mention of her."

"I forgot her name, or I should not have called her with such freedom. What is it?"

"Kostalergi. Her father is Kostalergi, Prince of Delos."

"All right; it will read well in the *Post*."

"My dear friend, there is that amount of sarcasm in your conversation this evening that to a plain man like myself, never ready at reply, and easily subdued by ridicule, is positively overwhelming. Has any disaster befallen you that you are become so satirical and severe?"

"Never mind *me*—tell me about yourself," was the blunt reply.

"I have not the slightest objection. When we had walked a little way together, and I felt that we were beyond the risk of interruption, I led her to the subject of my sudden reappearance here, and implied that she, at least, could not have felt much surprise. 'You remember,' said I, 'I promised to return?'

"'There is something so conventional,' said she, 'in these pledges that one comes to read them like the "yours sincerely" at the foot of a letter.'

"'I ask for nothing better,' said I, taking her up on her own words, 'than to be "yours sincerely." It is to ratify that pledge by making you "mine sincerely" that I am here.'

"'Indeed!' said she, slowly, and looking down.

"'I swear it!' said I, kissing her hand, which, however, had a glove on."

"Why not her cheek?"

"That is not done, major mine, at such times."

"Well, go on."

"I can't recall the exact words, for I spoke rapidly; but I told her I was named minister at a foreign court, that my future career was assured, and that I was able to offer her a station, not, indeed, equal to her deserts, but that, occupied by her, would only be less than royal."

"At Guatemala!" exclaimed the other, derisively.

"Have the kindness to keep your geography to yourself," said Walpole. "I merely said in South America, and she had too much delicacy to ask more."

"But she said yes? She consented?"

"Yes, Sir, she said she would venture to commit her future to my charge."

"Didn't she ask you what means you had? what was your income?"

"Not exactly in the categorical way you put it, but she alluded to the possible style we should live in."

"I'll swear she did. That girl asked you, in plain words, how many hundreds or thousands you had a year?"

"And I told her. I said, 'It sounds humbly, dearest, to tell you we shall not have fully two thousand a year; but the place we are going to is the cheapest in the universe, and we shall have a small establishment of not more than forty black and about a dozen white servants, and at first only keep twenty horses, taking our carriages on job.'"

"What about pin-money?"

"There is not much extravagance in toilet, and so I said she must manage with a thousand a year."

"And she didn't laugh in your face?"

"No, Sir; nor was there any strain upon her good-breeding to induce her to laugh in my face."

"At all events, you discussed the matter in a fine practical spirit. Did you go into groceries? I hope you did not forget groceries?"

"My dear Lockwood, let me warn you against being droll. You ask me for a correct narrative, and when I give it you will not restrain that subtile sarcasm the mastery of which makes you unassailable."

"When is it to be? When is it to come off? Has she to write to his Serene Highness the Prince of What's-his-name?"

"No, the Prince of What's-his-name need not be consulted. Lord Kilgobbin will stand in the position of father to her."

Lockwood muttered something, in which "Give her away!" were the only words audible. "I must say," added he, aloud, "the wooing did not take long."

"You forget that there was an actual engagement between us when I left this for London. My circumstances at that time did not permit me to ask her at once to be my wife; but our affections were pledged, and—even if more tender sentiments did not determine—my feeling, as a man of honor, required I should come back here to make her this offer."

"All right; I suppose it will do—I hope it will do; and, after all, I take it, you are likely to understand each other better than others would."

"Such is our impression and belief."

"How will your own people—how will Danesbury like it?"

"For their sakes I trust they will like it very much; for mine, it is less than a matter of indifference to me."

"She, however—she will expect to be properly received among them?"

"Yes," cried Walpole, speaking for the first time in a perfectly natural tone, divested of all pomposity. "Yes, she stickles for that, Lockwood. It was the one point she seemed to stand out for. Of course I told her she would be received with open arms by my relatives—that my family would be overjoyed to receive her as one of them. I only hinted that my lord's gout might prevent him from being at the wedding. I'm not sure Uncle Danesbury would not come over. 'And the charming Lady Maude,' asked she, 'would she honor me so far as to be a bride-maid?'"

"She didn't say that?"

"She did. She actually pushed me to promise I should ask her."

"Which you never would."

"Of that I will not affirm I am quite positive; but I certainly intend to press my uncle for some sort of recognition of the marriage—a civil note; better still, if it could be managed, an invitation to his house in town."

"You are a bold fellow to think of it."

"Not so bold as you imagine. Have you not often remarked that when a man of good connections is about to exile himself by accepting a far-away post, whether it be out of pure compassion or a feeling that it need never be done again, and that they are about to see the last of him, but, somehow—whatever the reason—his friends are marvelously civil and polite to him, just as some benevolent but eccentric folk send a partridge to the condemned felon for his last dinner."

"They do that in France."

"Here it would be a rump-steak; but the sentiment is the same. At all events, the thing is as I told you, and I do not despair of Danesbury."

"For the letter, perhaps not; but he'll never ask you to Bruton Street, nor, if he did, could you accept."

"You are thinking of Lady Maude."

"I am."

"There would be no difficulty in that quarter. When a Whig becomes Tory, or a Tory Whig, the gentlemen of the party he has deserted never take umbrage in the same way as the vulgar dogs below the gangway; so it is in the world. The people who must meet, must dine together, sit side by side at flower-shows and garden-parties, always manage to do their hatreds decorously, and only pay off their dislikes by installments. If Lady Maude were to receive my wife at all, it would be with a most winning politeness. All her malevolence would limit itself to making the supposed under-bred woman commit a 'gaucherie,' to do or say something that ought not to have been done or said; and as I know Nina can stand the test, I have no fears for the experiment."

A knock at the door apprised them that the dinner was waiting, neither having heard the bell which had summoned them a quarter of an hour before. "And I wanted to hear all about your progress," cried Walpole, as they descended the staircase together.

"I have none to report," was the gruff reply.

"Why, surely you have not passed the whole day in Kearney's company without some hint of what you came here for?"

But at the same moment they were in the dining-room.

"We are a man-party to-day, I am sorry to say," cried old Kearney, as they entered. "My niece and my daughter are keeping Miss O'Shea company up stairs. She is not well enough to come down to dinner, and they have scruples about leaving her in solitude."

"At least we'll have a cigar after dinner," was Dick's ungallant reflection as they moved away.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

TWO YOUNG LADIES ON MATRIMONY.

"I hope they had a pleasanter dinner down stairs than we have had here," said Nina, as, after wishing Miss O'Shea a good-night, the young girls slowly mounted the stairs.

"Poor old godmother was too sad and too depressed to be cheerful company; but did she not talk well and sensibly on the condition of the country? was it not well said, when she showed the danger of all that legislation which, assuming to establish right, only engenders disunion and class jealousy?"

"I never followed her; I was thinking of something else."

"She was worth listening to, then. She knows the people well, and she sees all the mischief of tampering with natures so imbued with distrust. The Irishman is a gambler, and English law-makers are always exciting him to play."

"It seems to me there is very little on the game."

"There is every thing—home, family, subsistence, life itself, all that a man can care for."

"Never mind these tiresome themes. Come into my room—or I'll go to yours, for I'm sure you've a better fire; besides, I can walk away if you offend me: I mean offend beyond endurance, for you are sure to say something cutting."

"I hope you wrong me, Nina."

"Perhaps I do. Indeed, I half suspect I do; but the fact is, it is not your words that reproach me, it is your whole life of usefulness is my reproach, and the least syllable you utter comes charged with all the responsibility of one who has a duty and does it, to a mere good-for-nothing. There, is not that humility enough?"

"More than enough, for it goes to flattery."

"I'm not a bit sure all the time that I'm not the more lovable creature of the two. If you like, I'll put it to the vote at breakfast."

"Oh, Nina!"

"Very shocking—that's the phrase for it—very shocking! Oh dear, what a nice fire, and what a nice little snug room! How is it, will you tell me, that though my room is much larger and better furnished in every way, your room is always brighter and neater, and more like a little home? They fetch you drier fire-wood, and they bring you flowers, wherever they get them. I know well what devices of roguery they practice."

"Shall I give you tea?"

"Of course I'll have tea. I expect to be treated like a favored guest in all things, and I mean to take this arm-chair, and the nice soft cushion for my feet, for I warn you, Kate, I'm here for two hours. I've an immense deal to tell you, and I'll not go till it's told."

"I'll not turn you out."

"I'll take care of that; I have not lived in Ireland for nothing. I have a proper sense of what is meant by possession, and I defy what your great minister calls a heartless eviction. Even your tea is nicer, it is more fragrant than any one else's. I begin to hate you out of sheer jealousy."

"That is about the last feeling I ought to inspire."

"More humility; but I'll drop rudeness and tell you my story, for I have a story to tell. Are you listening? Are you attentive? Well, my Mr. Walpole, as you called him once, is about to become so in real earnest. I could have made a long narrative of it and held you in weary suspense, but I prefer to dash at once into the thick of the fray, and tell you that he has this morning made me a formal proposal, and I have accepted him. Be pleased to bear in mind that this is no case of a misconception or a mistake. No young gentleman has been petting and kissing my hand for another's; no tender speeches have been uttered to the ears they were not meant for. I have been wooed this time for myself, and on my own part I have said yes."

"You told me you had accepted him already. I mean when he was here last."

"Yes, after a fashion. Don't you know, child, that though lawyers maintain that a promise to do a certain thing, to make a lease or some contract, has in itself a binding significance, that in Cupid's Court this is not law? and the man knew perfectly that all that passed between us hitherto had no serious meaning, and bore no more real relation to marriage than an outpost encounter to a battle. For all that has taken place up to this, we might never fight—I mean marry—after all. The sages say that a girl should never believe a man means marriage till he talks money to her. Now, Kate, he talked money; and I believed him."

"I wish you would tell me of these things seriously and without banter."

"So I do. Heaven knows I am in no jesting humor. It is in no outburst of high spirits or gayety a girl confesses she is going to marry a man who has neither wealth nor station to offer, and whose fine connections are just fine enough to be ashamed of him."

"Are you in love with him?"

"If you mean, do I imagine that this man's affection and this man's companionship are more to me than all the comforts and luxuries of life with another, I am not in love with him; but if you ask me, am I satisfied to risk my future with so much as I know of his temper, his tastes, his breeding, his habits, and his abilities, I incline to say yes. Married life, Kate, is a sort of dietary, and one should remember that what he has to eat of every day ought not to be too appetizing."

"I abhor your theory."

"Of course you do, child; and you fancy, naturally enough, that you would like ortolans every day for dinner; but my poor cold Greek temperament has none of the romantic warmth of your Celtic nature. I am very moderate in my hopes, very humble in all my ambitions."

"It is not thus I read you."

"Very probably. At all events, I have consented to be Mr. Walpole's wife, and we are to be Minister Plenipotentiary and Special Envoy somewhere. It is not Bolivia, nor the Argentine Republic, but some other fabulous region, where the only fact is yellow fever."

"And you really like him?"

"I hope so, for evidently it must be on love we shall have to live, one half of our income being devoted to saddle-horses and the other to my toilet."

"How absurd you are!"

"No, not I. It is Mr. Walpole himself, who, not trusting much to my skill at arithmetic, sketched out this schedule of expenditure; and then I bethought me how simple this man must deem me. It was a flattery that won me at once. Oh! Kate, dearest, if you could understand the ecstasy of being thought, not a fool, but one easily duped, easily deceived!"

"I don't know what you mean."

"It is this, then, that to have a man's whole heart—whether it be worth the having is another and a different question—you must impress him with his immense superiority in every thing; that he is not merely physically stronger than you, and bolder and more courageous, but that he is mentally more vigorous and more able, judges better, decides quicker, resolves more fully than you; and that, struggle how you will, you pass your life in eternally looking up to this wonderful god, who vouchsafes now and then to caress you, and even say tender things to you."

"Is it, Nina, that you have made a study of these things, or is all this mere imagination?"

"Most innocent young lady, I no more dreamed of these things to apply to such men as your country furnishes—good, homely, commonplace creatures—than I should have thought of asking you to adopt French cookery to feed them. I spoke of such men as one meets in what I may call the real world; as for the others, if they feel life to be a stage, they are always going about in slipshod fashion as if at rehearsal. Men like your brother and young O'Shea, for instance—tossed here and there by accidents, made one thing by a chance, and something else by a misfortune. Take my word for it, the events of life are very vulgar things; the passions and emotions they evoke, *these* constitute the high stimulants of existence, they make the 'gros jeu,' which it is so exciting to play."

"I follow you with some difficulty; but I am rude enough to own I scarcely regret it."

"I know; I know all about that sweet innocence that fancies to ignore any thing is to obliterate it; but it's a fool's paradise, after all, Kate. We are in the world, and we must accept it as it is made for us."

"I'll not ask does your theory make you better, but does it make you happier?"

"If being duped were an element of bliss, I should say certainly not happier, but I doubt the blissful ignorance of your great moralist. I incline to believe that the better you play any game—life among the rest—the higher the pleasure it yields. I can afford to marry, without believing my husband to be a paragon: could *you* do as much?"

"I should like to know that I preferred him to any one else."

"So should I, and I would only desire to add 'to every one else that asked me.' Tell the truth, Kate dearest: we are here all alone, and can afford sincerity. How many of us girls marry the man we should like to marry, and if the game were reversed, and it were to be *we* who should make the choice—the slave pick out his master—how many, think you, would be wedded to their present mates?"

"So long as we can refuse him we do not like, I can not think our case a hard one."

"Neither should I if I could stand fast at three-and-twenty. The dread of that change of heart and feeling that will come, must come, ten years later, drives one to compromise with happiness, and take a part of what you once aspired to the whole."

"You used to think very highly of Mr. Walpole; admired, and I suspect you liked him."

"All true—my opinion is the same still. He will stand the great test that one can go into the world with him and not be ashamed of him. I know, dearest, even without that shake of the head, the small value you attach to this, but it is a great element in that droll contract by which one person agrees to pit his temper against another's, and which we are told is made in heaven, with angels as sponsors. Mr. Walpole is sufficiently good-looking to be prepossessing; he is well-bred, very courteous, converses extremely well, knows his exact place in life, and takes it quietly but firmly. All these are of value to his wife, and it is not easy to overrate them."

"Is that enough?"

"Enough for what? If you mean for romantic love, for the infatuation that defies all change of sentiment, all growth of feeling, that revels in the thought that experience will not make us wiser, nor daily associations less admiring, it is not enough. I, however, am content to bid for a much humbler lot. I want a husband who, if he can not give me a brilliant station, will at least secure me a good position in life, a reasonable share of vulgar comforts, some luxuries, and the ordinary routine of what are called pleasures. If, in affording me these, he will vouchsafe to add good temper and not high spirits—which are detestable—but fair spirits, I think I can promise him not that I shall make him happy, but that he will make himself so, and it will afford me much gratification to see it."

"Is this real, or—"

"Or what? Say what was on your lips."

"Or are you utterly heartless?" cried Kate, with an effort that covered her face with blushes.

"I don't think I am," said she, oddly and calmly; "but all I have seen of life teaches me that every betrayal of a feeling or a sentiment is like what gamblers call showing your hand, and is sure to be taken advantage of by the other players. It's an ugly illustration, dear Kate, but in this same round game we call life there is so much cheating that if you can not afford to be pillaged, you must be prudent."

"I am glad to feel that I can believe you to be much better than you make yourself."

"Do so—and as long as you can."

There was a pause of several moments after this, each apparently following out her own thoughts.

"By-the-way," cried Nina, suddenly, "did I tell you that Mary wished me joy this morning? She had overheard Mr. O'Shea's declaration, and believed he had asked me to be his wife."

"How absurd!" said Kate, and there was anger as well as shame in her look as she said it.

"Of course it was absurd. She evidently never suspected to whom she was speaking, and then—" She stopped, for a quick glance at Kate's face warned her of the peril she was grazing. "I told the girl she was a fool, and forbade her to speak of the matter to any one."

"It is a servants'-hall story already," said Kate, quietly.

"Do you care for that?"

"Not much; three days will see the end of it."

"I declare, in your own homely way, I believe you are the wiser of the two of us."

"My common-sense is of the very commonest," said Kate, laughing; "there is nothing subtile nor even neat about it."

"Let us see that! Give me a counsel, or rather, say if you agree with me. I have asked Mr. Walpole to show me how his family accept my entrance among them; with what grace they receive me as a relative. One of his cousins called me the Greek girl, and in my own hearing. It is not, then, overcaution on my part to inquire how they mean to regard me. Tell me, however, Kate, how far you concur with me in this. I should like much to hear how your good sense regards the question. Should you have done as I have?"

"Answer me first one question. If you should learn that these great folks would not welcome you among them, would you still consent to marry Mr. Walpole?"

"I'm not sure, I am not quite certain, but I almost believe I should."

"I have, then, no counsel to give you," said Kate, firmly. "Two people who see the same object differently can not discuss its proportions."

"I see my blunder," cried Nina, impetuously. "I put my question stupidly. I should have said, 'If a girl has won a man's affections and given him her own—if she feels her heart has no other home than in his keeping—that she lives for him and by him—should she be deterred from joining her fortunes to his because he has some fine connections who would like to see him marry more advantageously?'" It needed not the saucy curl of her lip as she spoke to declare how every word was uttered in sarcasm. "Why will you not answer me?" cried she, at length; and her eyes shot glances of fiery impatience as she said it.

"Our distinguished friend Mr. Atlee is to arrive to-morrow, Dick tells me," said Kate, with the calm tone of one who would not permit herself to be ruffled.

"Indeed! If your remark has any apropos at all, it must mean that in marrying such a man as he is one might escape all the difficulties of family coldness, and I protest, as I think of it, the matter has its advantages."

A faint smile was all Kate's answer.

"I can not make you angry: I have done my best, and it has failed. I am utterly discomfited, and I'll go to bed."

"Good-night," said Kate, as she held out her hand.

"I wonder is it nice to have this angelic temperament—to be always right in one's judgments, and never carried away by passion? I half suspect perfection does not mean perfect happiness."

"You shall tell me when you are married," said Kate, with a laugh; and Nina darted a flashing glance toward her, and swept out of the room.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman. "No, Sir," was the reply; "I am the man who cooks the *mate*."

What key is the hardest to tune?—Donkey.

The joy of the dumb is always unspeakable.

A baby who kisses his mother and fights his father may be said to be partial to his ma and martial to his pa.

A Spring Bed—A bed of radishes.

Bores that most People have to put up with—Neigh-bores.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit?" said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find it out is to ring it," was the reply.

A teacher, catechising his scholars, put the question, "What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches!" cried one of the youngsters, after a short pause.

The Chasm that swallowed up Wit—Sarcasm.

A Lover's Meter—Meet her by moonlight.

Josh Billings says: "I hev allurs observed that a whinin dog is sure to get lickt in a fight. No cur of well-reggerlated morals kan resist the temptation to bite a cowardly purp that tries to sneak off with his tale between his legs. The whinin bizness man is just so. A good ringin bark is wuth more to put greenbax in a man's pocket than forty-two years of whinin."

What grows bigger the more you contract it?—Debt.

Prize-fighters, clam-eaters, and Turks are all muscle men.

There may be a hundred geese with all their quills in one pen.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

"Is not Horace Greeley a college-bred man?" asks a correspondent. "No, Sir; he is a Graham-bread man."

Why is buttermilk like something which never happened?—Because it hasn't *a curd* (occurred).

A Danbury, Connecticut, dog has learned to bring in eggs from the barn, and his delighted owner names him Leigh Hunt.

An Irish contemporary has the following: "Wanted, in any part of Ireland, a station-master who is not courteous and attentive; an audience which is not large and fashionable; a barrister who is not eloquent and persuasive; a judge who is not learned and distinguished; a manufacturer who is not liberal and enterprising; a policeman who is not active and efficient; a doctor who is not humane and skillful; an undertaker who does not please his customers; an entertainment which is not amusing and instructive; a book which should not be on the table of every household; but, above all, a man of any age, weight, size, or color who is not ready to perish on the altar of his country."

THE NORTH CAROLINA BANDITS.

We present on page 249 several sketches and portraits illustrating the career of the band of outlaws in Robeson County, North Carolina, whose crimes, escapes, and encounters have filled the measure of wonder and repulsion for several years.

These bandits are at present six in number, although they were formerly associated with several lesser desperadoes, whose courage and resources were not up to the notorious standard of the chiefs. One of these inferior robbers, Oxendine, has been hanged; another, Dile, has preferred the *ennui* of a prison to the precarious life of the swamps and pursuit, and is ready to turn State's evidence against the others; two more, Calvin Oxendine and "Pop" Oxendine, remain voluntarily in jail; and one other, "Shoe-maker John," went to the penitentiary gladly to anticipate higher charges.

The band as it stands, recognized as pests by the Legislature and Governor of the State, and by county authorities, by the almost unexampled reward of $45,000, "dead or alive," consists of the following characters:

Henry Berry Lowery, the chief—a light mulatto, dubiously said to be intermixed with Tuscarora Indian blood, the white ingredient being pure Scotch of Highland stock. He is of a family immemorially free in North Carolina, and his grandfather moved at the beginning of this century from the county of Halifax, near the Virginia line, to a border county near the South Carolina line, and settled there among the swamps and pitch-pine slashes of the Lumber River, a branch of the Little Pedee. The surrounding whites were almost to a man Scotch slave-holders. The region around the Lowerys for several miles was peopled by free negroes, who numbered nearly 1500 before the rebellion, and were almost uniformly of light skins, and with traces of some novel intermixture which gave them the look of gypsies. It has been suggested that Spanish, Portuguese, or "Romany" blood flows in the veins of these mulattoes of Scuffletown, such being the significant title of their settlement.

The Lowerys and their kin were superior in handicraft, personal bearing, and beauty to their yellow neighbors, and were formerly prosperous slave-holders. In 1835 the free blacks of North Carolina were deprived of the political and judicial rights of whites, and the seeds of animosity were sown among them. The loss of these rights led to depredations on their property, and the ultimate loss of nearly the whole of it. This induced a sense of injury, which was to break out in violence in the next generation. The father of the Lowery outlaws, Allan Lowery, brought up all his boys to the trade of carpentry, and they were generally industrious, apt, and docile until the beginning of the civil war. The whites, who had always disliked this free colored settlement, and imposed upon it, began to impress the Lowerys to work among the slaves on the breastworks of Wilmington. Their proud natures revolted, and Henry Berry Lowery, the youngest brother, ran off to the swamps, and harbored there with several of his connections. This outcast life led to loose habits, and awoke the spirit of retaliation. In 1864 a white man named Barnes, who was a neighbor of the Lowerys, was assassinated by them in the course of a feud, and soon after another, named Harris, for persecuting their family. Federal soldiery, escaped from the prison pen of Florence, were said to have been accessory to these crimes, and when Sherman's army swept up to this region the Lowerys gave its "bummers" aid and comfort. After the army passed on the white neighbors turned about and slew in cold blood the father and a brother of H. B. Lowery.

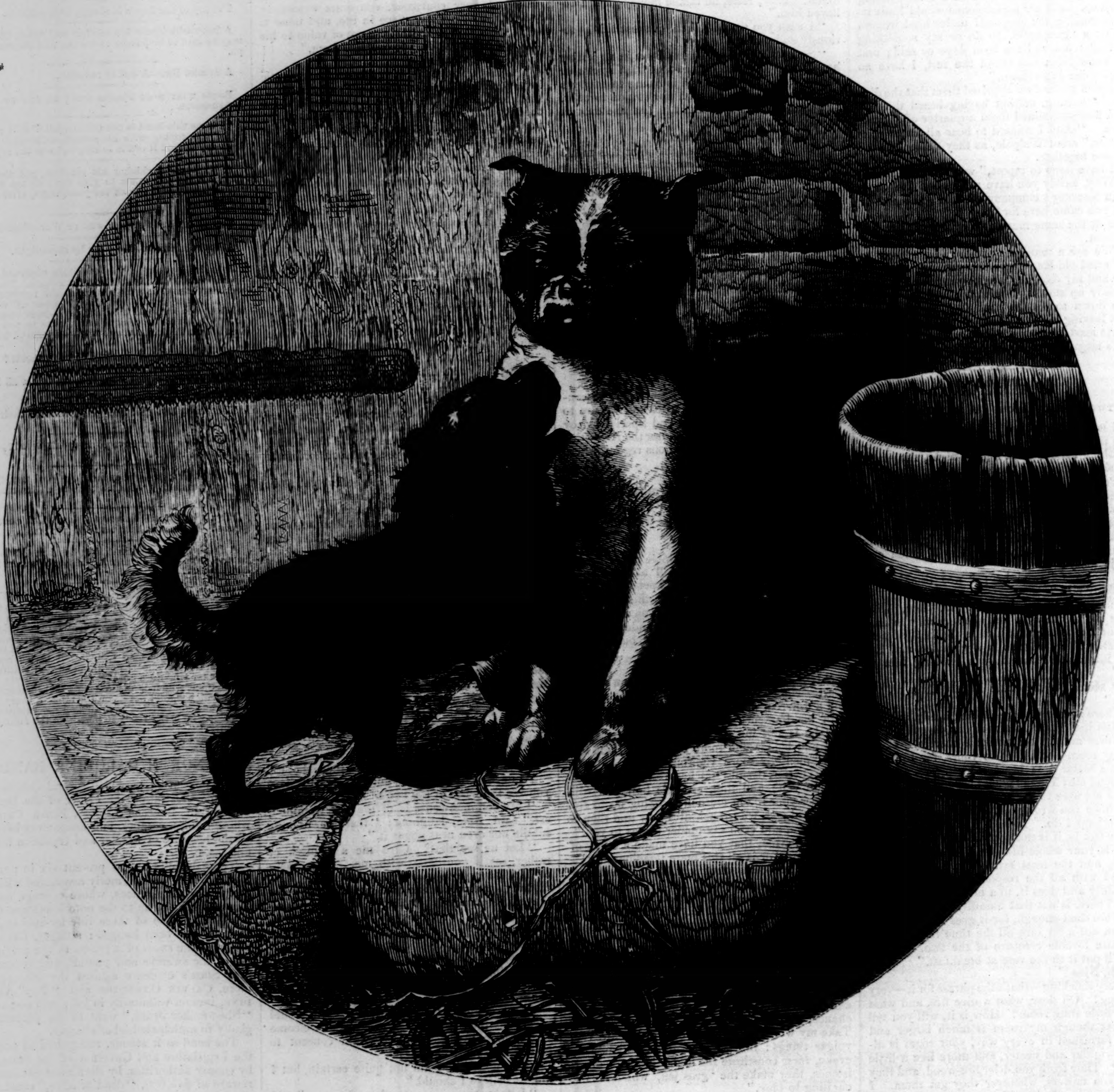
The vow of vengeance made by the young man could not have been the immediate incentive to his worse career, for he killed nobody for two or three years, and once gave himself freely up to the Freedmen's Bureau authorities and went to jail. But the whites would not include him in the terms of the act of oblivion for crimes chargeable to the war; they arrested him at the side of his bride, persecuted his family, and finally woke a demon abler and bloodier than they could subdue. Collecting around him a little band, never greater than ten nor less than five, Lowery turned robber, accepted his outlawry as a proclamation of war, and slew without remorse all who hunted him or had persecuted his kin. The immense number of his robberies and the terror of his prescience and prowess finally put him out of the pale of any one's sympathy, and the Adjutant-General of the State, with regulars, militia, and volunteers, took the field against him. With the moral support of the people of Scuffletown, he defeated the whole force, added to the terror of his name, and made himself the Rob Roy M'Gregor of his race. This defense was accomplished, however, with the commission of above a dozen shocking murders, two or three of which are ascribed to rapine. The band have invariably respected female virtue, and have committed no acts of arson. They have often spared life where there was a temptation to take it, and have had the provocation of several recent murders committed with less discrimination against their color by the whites. Henry Berry Lowery is about twenty-eight years old, active, vigilant, decisive, and with very considerable military powers and knowledge of character. His elder brothers, Steve Lowery and Tom Lowery, are with him in the swamps of Scuffletown. Steve surpasses him in Indian ferocity, Tom in a lower order of cunning. The brothers of Henry Berry Lowery's wife, Andrew Strong and "Boss" Strong, are also in the party. They are nearly white. Andrew Strong is the meanest of the gang—a mere robber; and "Boss" Strong is a plastic creature of H. B. Lowery, but for that not less dangerous and terrible. George Applewhite, a negro who intermarried with some connections of the Lowerys, is a ferocious fellow, not of late recognized among them. The interests of society and the welfare of the colored race require that this band of outlaws be extinguished, but the people of the North State have shown no great energy or sagacity to accomplish it. They have been at large the better part of eight years, and all have broken from one or more jails. Moss Neck Station, in our illustrations, is the place where the Lowerys frequently and contumaciously appear when the railway trains pause there on the Wilmington and Charlotte Railway. The bandits carry from three to five revolvers apiece, a knife, and a pair of double-barreled shot-guns. Their leader has a Spencer or Henry breech-loading rifle.

The adventures of these bandits would make a volume of thrilling interest. Their escapes have been at times almost incredible. Last fall a party of twenty-three soldiers were at a spot called Wiregrass Landing, and as they looked up the narrow channel of the Lumber River they saw Henry Berry Lowery paddling a small flat-bottomed scow, his belt of arms unbuckled and thrown in the bottom of the boat. Instantly the whole party opened fire, when Lowery, with the agility of a terrapin, threw himself into the water on the remote side of the scow, tilted it up like a floating parapet, and reaching inside successfully for his weapons, aimed and fired as coolly as if he were at the head of his band on solid ground. In this position he actually wounded two of the men and put the whole posse to flight. Our artist gives a graphic sketch of this exciting scene.

Another scene depicted by our artist is the rescue of the wife of Henry Berry Lowery, who was arrested during his absence by a company of soldiers as the accomplice of her husband in his crimes. Lowery and some of his gang discovering this, started to intercept the party, and making a detour through the swamp, threw themselves behind a pile of lumber near the railway track, and there waited like panthers for the soldiery to appear. They came, jocular and unsuspecting, leading the mulatto woman and her children. Suddenly there were a series of reports of fire-arms, and three persons were down on the track moaning in the anguish of mortal wounds. The woman and children were left standing on the track, and the rest of the escort party ran away, more or less injured with buck-shot.

"BOTHERED."

The engraving on this page, from a drawing by Mr. J. W. Bottomley, a very clever English artist, is a capital bit of animal characterization. Undoubtedly much of our interest in the canine races is due to the analogies with human beings which are presented in their instincts, habits, and physiognomical expressions; and animal painters, from Sir Edwin Landseer, who has been eminently successful in this direction, downward, are never so happy as when they point these analogies. In the work before us we have a gentleman of the bull-dog species who has arrived at a time of life when nothing is so sweet as repose and taciturn reflections on probably a hard life checkered with many struggles and conflicts. He has lived to discover the vanity, if not of all things, of many which formerly amused, excited, or annoyed him. He has a special contempt for the meaningless vivacity and gayety, the coquettish blandishments, and the shallow friendship of thoughtless youth. But he has neither the inclination nor the teeth to check the impertinent intrusion or chastise the disrespectful familiarity of every little fopling puppy that ventures to intrude on his retirement and privacy. From being one of the most pugnacious and irritable of living creatures he has come to be one of the most patient, long-suffering, and forbearing. So, when that most tiresome, noisy, fawning spaniel pet disturbs his cogitations, and even takes the liberty to paw his person, he merely confesses to be, in the significant word of the title, "bothered;" yet our readers will see, by the rueful disdain of his visage, that his temper is subjected to a severe trial.

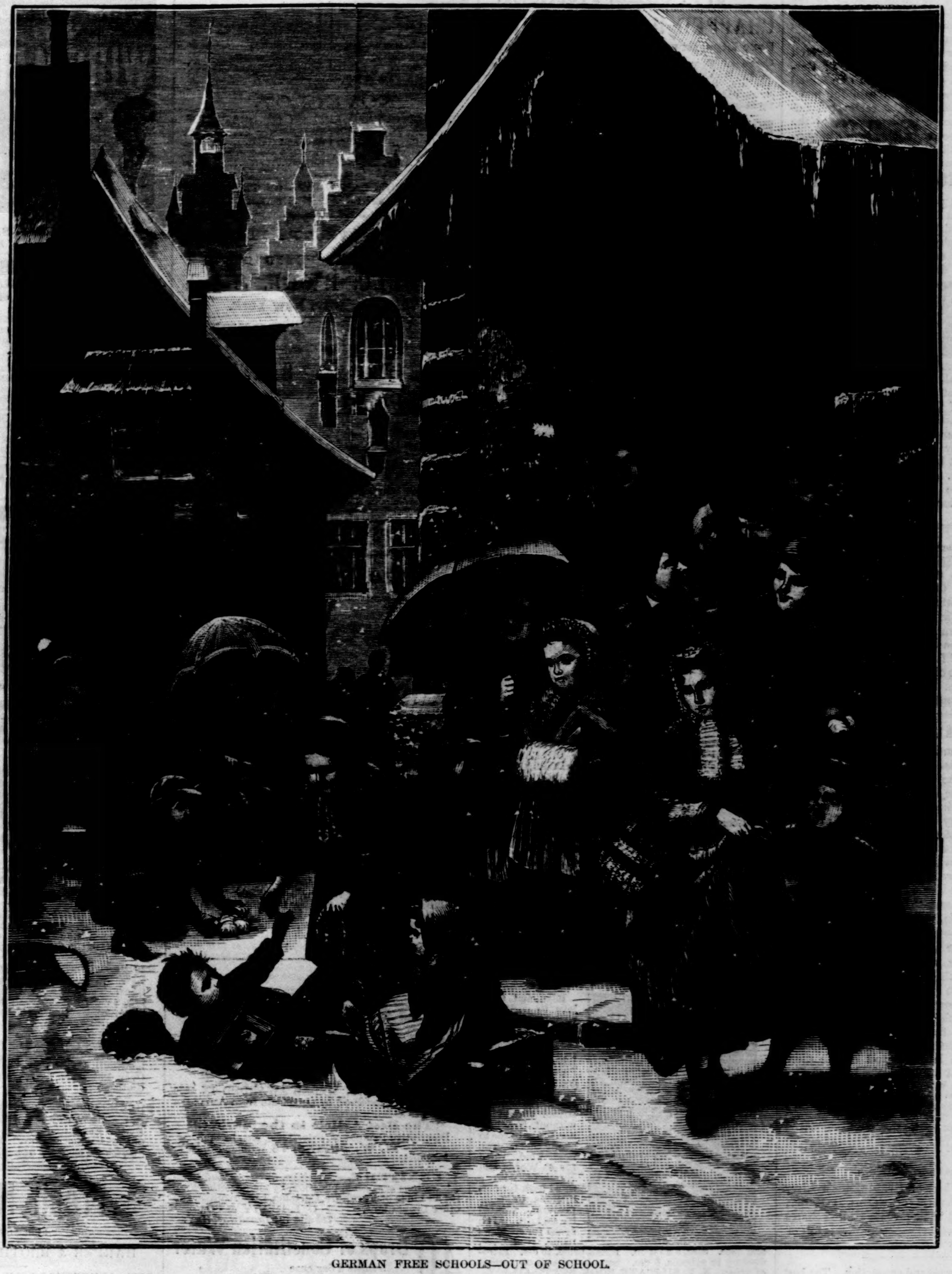


"BOTHERED."

THE DANGER OF THE GERMAN FREE SCHOOLS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Laughing children just breaking loose from school, the pleasant school-house, and the careful teacher have formed for generations the most attractive trait of the German rural scenery; and from the moment when **Luther** broke the chains that held his countrymen in bondage to the Italian priests Prussia and Saxony have led the world in the general education of their people. Of the many great ideas that have been unfolded in the history of the German race this is the most important, for, without the free school, the Bible, the printing-press, even the Reformation might have failed to have spoken to the multitude or to arouse the slumbering vigor of the nation. Prussia, moved by an instinctive sense of her own wants, soon outstripped her sister states in her care for education. Her school inspection began in the sixteenth century; her schools survived the wars of **Wallenstein**, were flourishing in the eighteenth, have reached their highest excellence in our own; nor, it is stated, is there a single intellect in modern Prussia that has not received some degree of cultivation, or slumbers in that brutal ignorance to which the papal rule has condemned Italy and Spain.



GERMAN FREE SCHOOLS—OUT OF SCHOOL.

An unlooked-for result has followed. Few legislators, few statesmen, had discovered in the free school the most effective seminary for patriotic soldiers; yet the military excellence of Prussia has kept pace with her mental progress. In the fierce wars of the seventeenth century, when **Louis XIV.**, the chosen instrument of the Jesuits, had seized upon Alsace and ravaged the banks of the Rhine with horrible atrocities, the Prussian Elector kept alive the fires of German patriotism, and a Prussian squadron decided the victory of Blenheim, or chased the French from the walls of Turin. In the Napoleonic campaigns **Blücher** and his brave legions twice occupied Paris, and the Prussian standard twice waved over the fallen capital. Nor, in the recent struggle between French arrogance and German unity, did any one fail to see that it was the free school that had sharpened the patriot's sword, and bound together an indignant nation in one grand onset upon their foes. It seems at last admitted that an educated people can not be conquered, and that money expended upon public instruction is more wisely laid out, even from a military point of view, than the vast sums that have been wasted upon fleets and armies.

How often popes and Romish potentates, **Wallenstein** and the Jesuits, **Louis XIV.** or **Louis XV.**, the Spaniard and the Austrian, the first and, we may trust, the last **Napoleon**, have labored vainly to destroy the German free schools, and have fled crushed and broken before their unseen power, history records with exultation. Yet once more they are in serious danger. The leading political question of Germany is that of education. So dangerous have become the secret intrigues of the Jesuits and Romish priests, so persistent their efforts to convert the common schools, where they have the control, into seminaries of rebellion and disorder, that the Prime Minister, **Bismarck**, has been forced to interfere with no gentle hand, and to demand from the German Congress that the schools shall no longer be sectarian. The Pope declares that the priest must be the only teacher; **Bismarck**, that he shall be altogether excluded from the charge of public instruction. He threatens to resign his high office, to deprive his country of his rare abilities, to pause in his remarkable career, unless he is permitted to check those wide political intrigues by which Rome is laboring secretly to destroy the unity of Germany and poison the sources of its civilization.

The bitter hostility of the popes and the bigoted Catholics for German intellect and German freedom has filled ten centuries with endless wars: from **Hildebrand** to the last **Napoleon** it has been the policy of Rome to cover Germany with discord, and to profit from its misfortunes. Nor has it even in our own day ceased to plot ruin to the cause of progress and independent thought. Dr. **Döllinger**, in a recent inaugural, suggests that the year 1870 witnessed a combined assault by the papal power upon the intellect and the political unity of his country; that the declaration of war by France against Germany was made at the same moment with the declaration of the doctrine of infallibility at Rome; that one was an effort to stifle German thought, the other to crush German independence; and it is openly affirmed in Germany that **Napoleon** began his campaign relying upon the treasonable aid of the bigoted Catholics and fanatical priests of the land he invaded; that the doctrine of infallibility was to be enforced upon Prussia by the arms of France. These fair schemes ended in the sudden ruin of their projectors. The German free school flourishes, while its powerful foes hide in contempt or despair. It has survived the empire of France, the temporal power of the Pope. Still the laughing children break loose from school, unconscious of the dreadful conflict that was invoked for their destruction; the village smiles; the school-house spreads around it content, industry, and peace; its mighty power, its immortal strength to cleanse and purify, is slowly discovered, and nations are becoming terrified at their own ignorance.

Broken and baffled by a sea of misfortunes, the bigoted Catholics of Germany, it seems, guided by the dangerous counsels of the Jesuits and the Vatican, are making one last desperate struggle to disturb the peace, to imperil the freedom of their united country. Since the decrees of the late Romish Council the papal Church, or at least its priesthood, have become linked together in a corrupt brotherhood, pledged to a passive obedience to the Pope. The Romish Church has become an aggressive body, resolute to destroy every obstacle that stands in its path. It must overthrow the common schools, for they are under the ban of the Pope. It hates freedom, for it was the rising of a free people that drove **Pius IX.** from power. It must crush every government that does not sustain the papacy. It must bring bloodshed and discord to every land where the doctrine of infallibility is not taught in the school and sanctioned by the state. Since the Council of 1870—this is at least the German opinion—the Romish Church has become the foe of civil government, of good order, of popular progress; has formed itself into a dangerous political faction, and deserves to be treated with no more lenity than any other political body that inculcates treason and endangers the public peace. Hence **Döllinger** warns his countrymen against the ceaseless malice of Rome; **Liebig** laments the priestly influence over the education of Bavaria; **Bismarck** completes the triumphs of his wonderful career by driving the priest from the public school. He, at least, will not permit the national foe to educate its children. He is resolved that not one of the pernicious doctrines of the Jesuitical Council shall be inculcated in the German free school. To the demand of the Pope to become the universal school-master the prudent statesman replies by taking into his own hands the control of the opinions of the nation, of whose best culture he is the representative. He gives all the vigor of his intellect to defend German education from the secret intrigues of the chief foe of advancing knowledge.

Since the Council of 1870, indeed, a marked change has passed over the Romish Church. Before that important epoch it seemed capable of reform. In England it was always tolerant since it lost its power; in Ireland it joined in the plans of mixed education; in Prussia it deserved the lenity of the government: it was more bigoted in America than in Europe. But with the proclamation of infallibility it has become the willing instrument of desperate schemers and of cruel fanatics. It is laboring to rouse Poland to revolt, and fill Germany with endless wars. It strives to excite the working-men, whom it has always oppressed with its bitterest persecutions, to revolution and crime. In France its secret plots, its bold and open treason, shake the feeble government of that unhappy nation, always the chosen victim of Italian guile. In England its priests denounce the spread of education, and encourage political disorder. In Ireland the Romish bishops assail the colleges and schools they had aided in founding, and deny that they ever consented to a project condemned by the Pope. In South America the Jesuits are driven from Guatemala; the Romish clergy have become the scourge of a fated land. In our own country the dangerous body, although so recently detected with their hands in the public treasury, still fiercely denounce the public schools, claim the right to teach the people their own morals and faith, and put forth that insolent demand which **Bismarck** has shown us how to answer. The vigor of the Prussian statesman may well be imitated by the people of England and America if they would escape many woes.

It seems scarcely credible that so fair and graceful a thing as the German free school, with its vine-clad building, its merry throngs, its quiet teacher, should form the leading cause of modern dissension among nations; that Berlin and Munich should ring with the controversy, New York and Cincinnati be agitated by its supporters and its defamers; that the Prime Minister of Prussia and the Prime Minister of England should both find their power depend upon their treatment of the modest school; that in Germany and America the utmost rage of the papal faction should be aroused by the spectacle of happy children learning for three or four hours a day the common elements of knowledge, the love of freedom, and the first principles of morality; yet such is the strange aspect of this singular outbreak of fanaticism that it may yet require the armies of Prussia, or the vigorous interference of every American patriot, to shield the children from the envious violence of the priests.

In this great controversy Germany and America will stand side by side. As the broad tide of emigration, the overflow of the land of our common ancestry, swells over the ocean, and the German settlers, touched and softened by the humane influence of a liberal education, press on to till with us the broad fields of Montana and Minnesota, of the banks of the Missouri and the shores of the Pacific, we welcome them as our brethren in race, our firmest allies in the cause of honesty and political reform, good order and a progressive civilization. Year by year the two nations draw nearer to each other in their steady advance. New York and St. Louis stretch out the hand of friendship to Strasburg or Berlin; and the triumph of the German free school over its papal foes, the completion of the unity of the German nation, will be celebrated nowhere with more sincere rejoicing than in the countless school-houses that join, by an illustrious chain, the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"THE MOUSE-TRAP."

The engraving on page 244 gives a pleasant picture of an incident of child life, the interest of which is enhanced by the picturesque costumes and piquant physiognomies of Brittany. Young folk are never more engaging than when showing kindness to dumb animals, the reverse being sometimes chargeable against them, especially against boys; though the propensity of boys to tease, if not torture, the inferior creatures which come in their power arises much more often from thoughtlessness than a natural relish for cruelty, and is more surely corrected by education than harsh treatment. Here the elder boy, and the little one who has scarcely yet reached the height of the table, certainly fully share the pleasure of their gentle little sister in liberating the poor mouse they had succeeded in entrapping, and all are equally amused at the perplexity of the tiny household depredator as to how he is to effect his escape after liberation. The picture is by M. Antigna, a distinguished French artist, whose treatment is remarkable for breadth, rich color, and effective light and shade.

The attention of persons desirous of purchasing an excellent cabinet organ at a moderate price is directed to the advertisement of the "Smith American Organ Company," which will be found in another column of this paper. The instruments furnished by this company combine elegance and durability of workmanship with brilliant and melodious qualities of tone, and are equal to the best of foreign importation. The company is one of the oldest in the United States, and its manufactures are well known and deservedly popular throughout the country.—[*Com.*]

DETECTIVE PINKERTON'S LAST CASE.

The well-known and vigilant moral guardian, Allan Pinkerton, spies out "cases" as quickly and as correctly as the sharpest of the lynx-eyed fraternity of which he is the acknowledged head and king. He is as keen at detecting true merit as he is criminality, and he has now made a strong point, professionally, in the case of the Herring Safe. Six of Pinkerton's safes went into the fiery ordeal at Chicago, *but only two came out, and these two were Herring's;* the other four (not Herring's) were burned to ashes; therefore Pinkerton may well say, "*I shall in future use none but Herring's Safes.*"—[*N. Y. Day Book.*]

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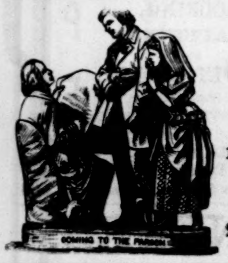

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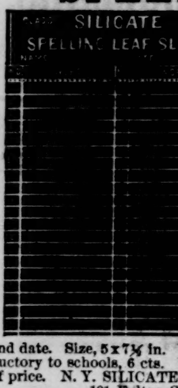

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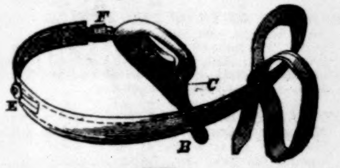

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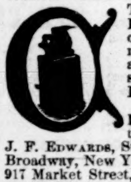

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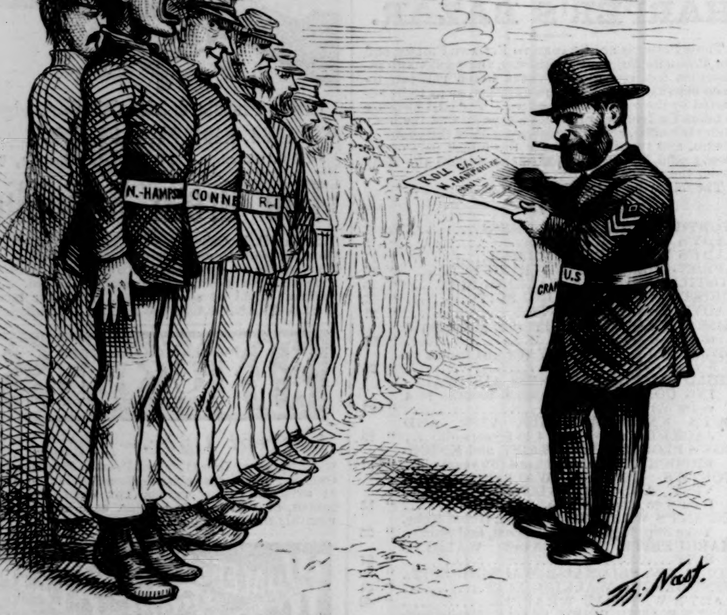

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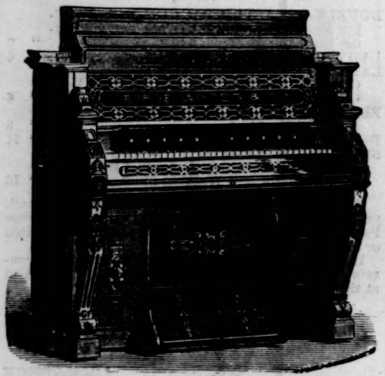

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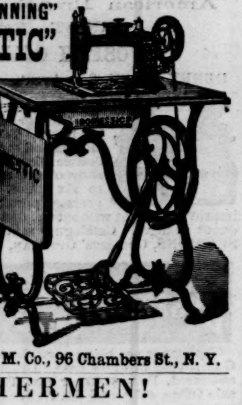

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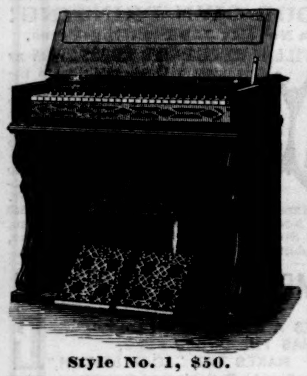

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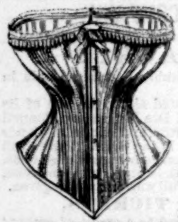

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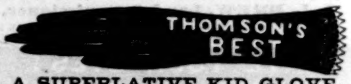

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DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,

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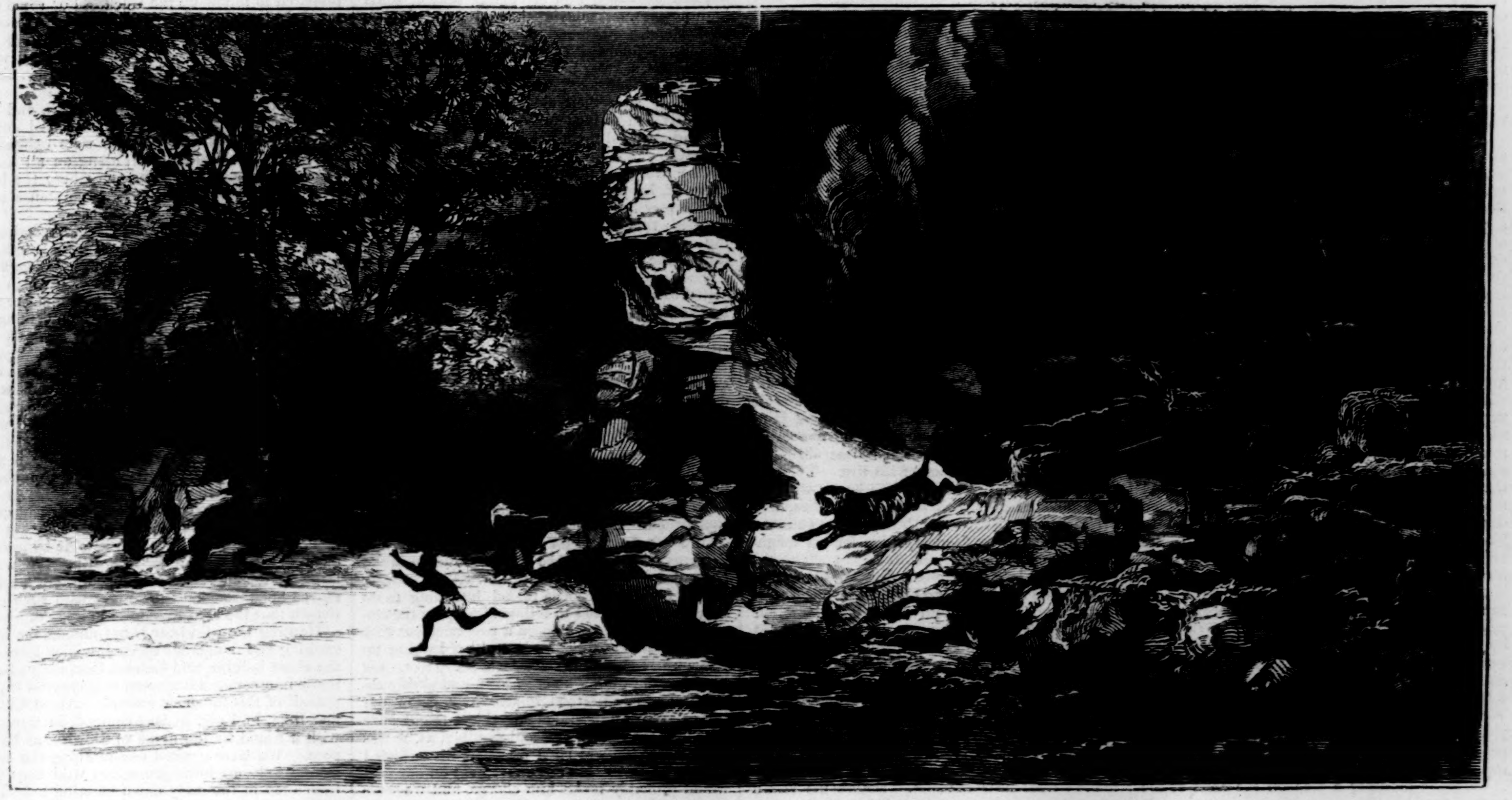


HUNTING IN INDIA—SMOKING OUT A TIGER.

HUNTING IN INDIA.

Smoking out a Tiger.—A remarkable Leap.—Sad Termination of a Hunting Adventure.—Curious Bear Story.—Wild-Boar Hunting.—A Mud Bath.—Exciting Chase.—A Practical Joke on a Boaster.

"HUNTING the tiger," said an old East India officer, the veteran of many adventures in the jungle, "is very pleasant sport, very—unless the tiger should take a notion to hunt *you*." Even with this qualification the sport has a fascination which few men can resist, and stories of hunting adventures are always sure of an attentive audience. It is not surprising, therefore, that a sportsman like Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Cumming, when in India, should spend every leave of absence among wild men and wild beasts, or that he should write a delightful account of his adventures in camp and jungle. And having enjoyed the perusal of the book ourselves, we propose to share the pleasure with the readers of the *Weekly*. In doing this we shall not attempt to make a connected narrative, but give such adventures chiefly as match the spirited illustrations by the author's friend, Colonel Baigrie.

One hot season Lieutenant-Colonel Cumming, with a brother officer by the name of Hayward, organized an expedition to the Toorun Mall Hill, in the Akranee Pargunnah of Kandesh, where they had already passed one season. In the vicinity, at a place called Wuggeria, there were some low table-hills, lying close together, having their sides covered with stunted trees, while round the tops were precipitous rocks and caves, giving good shelter to bears. A tiger was also reported to frequent the neighborhood. Early one morning, in company with a number of shikaries, or native hunters, they ascended one of these hills, and carefully examined all the rocks along the crest. The rest of the story we give in the author's own language:

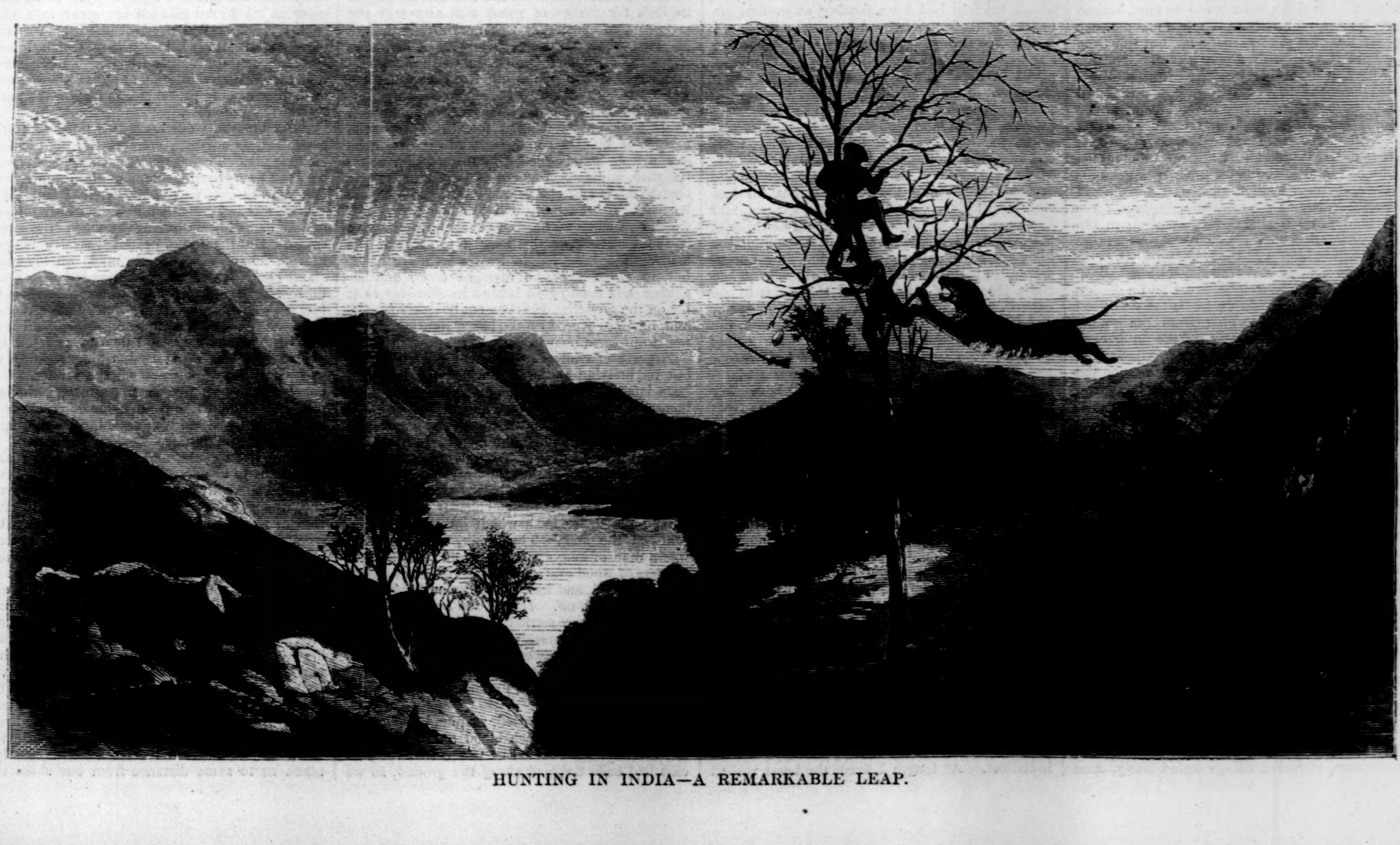
We had been looking down from one spot (he says) where there were large masses of rocks, and seeing nothing, we had moved away some paces, when we were startled by the discharge of a matchlock just behind us. We hurried back, and found one of the villagers seated on the edge of the rock, whence he had fired at a hyena. As we were scolding him for shooting without orders, six or seven hyenas ran out from the rocks below us, and made off down the hill. The noise we had made alarmed a large bear, which had been also lying among the rocks, and it made a rush for its cave, which was close by. We opened fire, and, confused by our shots, the bear went at a hole too small to admit it, and as it struggled in the entrance we emptied our remaining barrels. It managed, however, to withdraw its body, and disappeared under a huge mass of rock. Beneath this was a cave, having another small opening tending upward to the edge of the rock, and having on its immediate left a perpendicular mass of stone many feet in height. We could hear the bear in the cave below; and on looking down through the opening above mentioned, I could see its eyes below me. From the position of the hole, however, I could not get my rifle to bear upon him except by firing from the left shoulder. This I did, and from the struggles below we knew that the shot had taken effect. After some time one of my horse-keepers who was with us got down to the spot where the bear had entered, and taking a knife in his teeth, he crawled in. I followed him, and we found ourselves in a small cave, the end of which was blocked by a mass of rock, having a hole under it, through which the bear had passed. Into this hole the man crept, and disappeared till I saw nothing but his feet. Presently he called out that he had hold of the bear, and requested me to pull his legs. Laying down my rifle, I hauled away, and succeeded in drawing out man and bear into the outer cave, whence the beast was dragged by the rest of the party. I was much pleased by the pluck shown by my man, for his entry into the cave was a purely voluntary act on his part, and contrary to the advice of the villagers, who, one and all, declared that he would be killed.

In the dry bed of a river close to the village was a water-hole used by the cattle, and we were informed that a tiger came there every night to drink. We had been out all day without getting a shot; and on our return late in the evening we found that some men who had promised to have a platform erected in a neighboring tree had decamped, leaving their work undone.

The moon did not rise until after nine o'clock; so we remained till then in the village, and then went down to the water-hole, where we had a small breast-work of boughs placed round the foot of an old tamarind-tree. In the open space in the bed of the river we tied up a goat, and throwing our blankets into our hiding-place, we arranged our guns and dismissed all our attendants. As we came down from the village we heard the tiger growling on the hill-side, but though we remained on the alert a long time, we saw nothing of him. It had been arranged that if the tiger came, and sprang on the goat, we should lie still till he commenced to eat, when we were to rise on our knees and deliver our fire. Altogether it was rather an insane proceeding; but we were young in those days.

About midnight Hayward was lying fast asleep, when I heard the growl of the tiger at a short distance on the hill behind us. I at once aroused my companion, and we could see by the movements of the goat that it was in a great state of trepidation. Presently we heard the footsteps of the tiger advancing on the dry leaves, and then all was still save the piteous bleat of the goat as it strained at the rope. The tiger, I believe, stalked him behind the very tree under which we lay, and in a few seconds he made his rush. We kept well down; there was a struggle among the shingle, and then all was still. Thinking that the time had arrived for us to shoot, we raised our heads and saw—no tiger—no goat—no any thing!

The rope had given way, and the tiger had carried his prey under some thick bushes on the



HUNTING IN INDIA—A REMARKABLE LEAP.

far side of the river-bed. We could hear him crunching up the bones as he made his meal; but he was in deep shade, and we could see nothing. About two hours after he moved to a muddy puddle and drank. We then got an imperfect view, and had a snap shot at him, but he got away untouched, and we returned to the village much disappointed.

Next night we had a platform put up in a tree at another spot, and again tied up our scapegoat. We took up our positions, and had both been asleep, when, on waking, I looked over at the goat, and saw that it was tumbling about in a peculiar manner. I roused my friend, and after looking long in the imperfect light, we made out a panther lying by the dead goat, with his teeth in its throat. As the beast lay on the yellow grass, it was with great difficulty that we could distinguish it. We got our rifles on him, and fired together, on which the panther gave one grunt, and rushed off among the under-wood. On descending next morning we examined the ground, and found both the bullets in the earth, within a few inches of each other, and on the very spot where the panther had been. We searched about, but did not find him; and next morning we moved our camp. Two days after, some villagers, observing vultures attracted to the spot, again went to the ground, and found the remains of the panther lying among some dead leaves. We must have passed close to him in our former search, but his yellow jacket being so similar to the dry grass and leaves, we had failed to see him, and thereby lost his skin.

After an absence of several days on the Toorun Mall Hill we returned to Wuggeria, and went out on the hills during the heat of the day, hoping to fall in with something. As we were ascending a spur we espied some animal lying under a ledge of overhanging rock in a bay formed by the contour of the hill to our right. We had no regular shikarees—only a few Bheels picked up as we were leaving the village; these pronounced the beast to be a hyena, and we decided on having a shot at him.

Carefully marking a tree on the crest of the rock above him, we made a circuit, and, ascending to the table-land, came out above the spot where we had marked him. Standing ready to open fire, we directed the Bheels to heave down stones, which they did, but nothing appeared. We concluded that the game had moved, but some of the Bheels crawled along the face of the rock like monkeys, and, on looking over, ascertained that there was an inner cave within that in which we had seen the animal lying. It was evident that on hearing us he had quietly risen and moved in; so we agreed to smoke him out. We therefore found a place where we could descend, and so passed round the base of the rock to the cave.

The outer part was triangular in shape—about seven yards wide at the outside, and four or five deep, having at the farther end an inner cave of about four feet high by two and a half broad. The outer cave was quite open in front, and seven feet high at the outside. From the cave the hill sloped sharply down, covered with trees and bushes.

Some of the Bheels advanced to the mouth of the inner cave, and looking in, saw one eye of the creature, like a ball of fire, at the far end of the den. We endeavored to get a shot, but owing, I suppose, to some projecting piece of rock, we never could see both eyes at once, and two shots which I fired in were without effect. Meanwhile the Bheels had collected a large bundle of grass and sticks, which we rolled up to the entrance of the inner cave, and having set fire to it, we all withdrew to the mouth of the outer to watch the result. There was a most thorough draught into the cave, and the flame was swept into it, but the beast made no sign, and at length the fire died down. We then had another large bundle of dry grass made up, but this time we mixed it well with green leaves. On this being fired, a dense black smoke arose, and was carried into the cave. It was such that we thought no beast could live in it; but again the fire died out, and though the inner cave was filled with smoke, its tenant had made no attempt to come out. We had just made up our minds that he had died in the hole, when, from the inner cave, came a sudden rush of smoke, as if driven out by something advancing rapidly. We stood ready, and the next instant, through the embers of the fire, came, not a hyena, but a large tiger, charging blindly, with savage growls.

Hayward carried a short rifle, with a ball of some three ounces in weight, and I had a double rifle of fourteen bore. In the instant that elapsed between the tiger's emerging from the smoke and his reaching the entrance of the outer cave he was struck by the three balls. Two had taken him through the shoulder, and one through the loins, disabling his hind quarter. As he fell we could have placed our guns on his head—too near, in fact, to be pleasant.

Our followers behaved with great steadiness, and at once handed us our second guns. By this time the tiger had managed to drag himself from the cave, and having got on the slope of the hill, he was evidently unable to move up toward us. When he first appeared the Bheels were up the trees in an instant, but came down when they saw him fall, and assisted us to ascend the rock. This we did one at a time, the other keeping guard in case of accidents. The tiger, though disabled, was very savage, and had plenty of life in him, and crunched the under-wood savagely. After some time we gave him his *quietus*, and carried him home to the camp. He was, no doubt, the same beast that had dodged us so cleverly at the well, but we had checkmated him this time. From his boldness he had long been the terror of the village, though we did not hear that he had killed any one.

In 1864 the author, in company with a Captain Bannerman, visited a village called Baug, once a place of considerable importance, but now chiefly interesting for the rock-cut Buddhist temples in the vicinity. On the left bank of the Waugnee River, about two miles below the town, stands a hill of coarse freestone rock, the whole face of which, for several hundred yards, has been deeply excavated. But time and the action of the weather have brought down a large portion of the face of the cliff, and the entrances to most of the caves are choked up with débris and jungle, openings here and there being kept clear by the bears, panthers, and hyenas, who are now the principal occupants. The northernmost cave is still in good order. The entrance is approached from the bed of the river by rude steps, and, passing in by a small gateway, a spacious hall is discovered, excavated entirely from the solid rock, and having its roof supported by huge pillars hewn out in the natural stone. At the innermost end of the cave are gigantic stone figures, three in number, carved on the face of the rock. The effect, when viewed by torchlight, is very grand. With the exception of numerous bats which cling to the roof, the sole occupant of this cave was a weird-looking Hindoo recluse, who, when not begging about the surrounding country, spent his time sitting or sleeping among the ashes of his fire. This was his home day and night; and as he sat with his body covered only with white wood ashes, and his long hair matted and browned by sun and rain, he seemed a fit companion for his neighbors in the adjoining caves.

At this place Lieutenant-Colonel Cumming found some rare sport, and met with one exciting adventure which had a fatal termination. Returning one day from an unsuccessful hunt after a panther that had attacked his dogs the night before, he was informed that one of his men had seen a tiger close by. The jungle was a difficult one to beat, consisting of thorny bushes ten feet in height, and it seemed impossible to form any opinion as to the direction in which the tiger might break. I trusted (the author says) entirely to the Bheels, and mounted into one of the few trees near the spot. Before me was a tolerably open space, which I hoped the tiger might cross. By the shouts of the beaters I soon knew the beast was started, and presently a fine tigress came out, and stood facing me at the edge of the thicket, sixty yards to my front. The chance was too good to lose. I fired at once, striking her fair in the chest, and, with a savage growl, she charged straight at me. She was very noisy, and no doubt meant mischief; but, apparently disappointed at not finding me on the ground, she dashed on, and as she passed below I gave her the second shot, through the back. At the same time I shouted to attract her attention, hoping that she might halt and allow my second rifle to come into play; but she passed over the ridge and disappeared. I followed on the elephant, and soon came on her, lying down and very sick. Another shot finished her.

Next morning I was informed that a large Brahminee bull had been killed during the night by a tiger close to the village, and within a quarter of a mile of my camp. These bulls are usually turned out in the name of the Deity by some devout Hindoo. From that moment they are regarded as sacred, and roam at will through the crowded bazars and cultivated lands, living, like some other church dignitaries, on the fat of the land. I went to examine the scene of slaughter, and under some trees, by a well used for irrigation, lay the dead bull, with the marks of the huge fangs of the tiger on his neck, and sundry claw-marks on his sides. Immediately beside the well the ground had been irrigated on the previous day for a young crop. About one hundred yards off was some green wheat, in which the bull had been feeding when first attacked, while farther off was a water-course, used during the dry season as a road, along which the tiger had advanced. Following the foot-prints in the dust and moist ground, the whole scene was brought vividly before us.

Passing along the water-course in his nocturnal ramble, the tiger had seen the bull grazing in the green wheat, and, standing with his two fore-paws on the side of the bank, had formed his plan of operations. Keeping under the shelter of the bank up to the nearest point, he had slipped quietly up on the cultivated ground, and had then crept along unperceived till he reached the wheat. Crouching along the edge of the high crop, he had approached his prey unperceived till within reach for his final rush. Then came the tug of war. From this point to the edge of the field the wheat was beaten down, and here, and in the moist ground beyond, the foot-prints of the bull and tiger were deeply marked. No part of the bull had been eaten, and we hoped that the tiger, which was evidently a very large one, would return at night. My men made a platform for me in one of the trees by the well; but, as the moon did not rise till about 9 P.M., we were obliged to take other precautions. To prevent the tiger from dragging the carcass we secured it with strong ropes, and near the hind quarter, at which part a tiger always commences to feed, I set my large iron panther-trap, carefully covered with earth and grass. I did not expect that it could long detain the tiger; but I hoped it would do so sufficiently to allow me to put in a couple of shots by the light of a large grass torch, which, with some lucifers, was kept in readiness by one of my men who watched with me.

I was in my place at sunset, but, owing to some wedding festival in the village close by, an incessant tom-toming and drumming were kept up till midnight, when I fell asleep, having seen nothing. Toward morning I heard some beast tearing at the carcass, and looking over, I saw what I supposed to be a panther; but the moon was obscured by clouds, and objects were indistinct. At length I fired, the beast rushed off, and we heard him struggling among some high poppies. At daybreak we descended, and, as I had feared, found the track of a hyena, which we followed to the spot where he lay dead. As a rule, I think animals of the dog tribe tear their food, while cats cut it more noiselessly with their side teeth. This hyena evidently had resided in some iron-pit, and the ore had changed the usual dirty white of his coat to a deep yellow.

One morning about ten the guide Dhokul came in, having left some of his men on sentry over a very large tiger which he had come upon suddenly that morning. I was not long in turning out, and on arriving near the spot we arranged the plan of attack.

The only tree which we could find in any way suited as a position was one standing near the head of a slope some fifty yards in length. This tree had, at about eight feet from the ground, strong shoots growing from the stem. On these I took my stand, accompanied by my gun-bearer, named Foorsut. At the foot of the slope a dry nullah crossed from left to right, and beyond it was a level jungle thinly covered with trees and bushes. The tiger was to be driven from our left down the nullah. Having seen me to my place, Dhokul went off to bring on the beat, and soon after the tiger came trotting down on the far side of the nullah. Unfortunately my shot struck him too far back, and turning sharp to the left, he went off at a great pace, while I fired my remaining three shots at random in the hope of doing further damage. Seeing the tiger go off, I did not at once reload, intending to do so when I descended to follow him up on the elephant. Suddenly a man on a tree cried out that the tiger was coming back, and on looking up I saw him coming toward us at a sharp trot. On reaching the nullah he crossed it, and slowly ascending the hill, stood immediately below our tree. With a breech-loading rifle I might have shot him ten times over, and possibly, as he was coming on, I might have reloaded that which I had, but I knew that any movement on our part would probably make him charge, and we were too near the ground to make such a contingency desirable.

All might have yet gone well had the man kept quiet. In an evil moment he spoke, saying that the tiger was below us. The beast looked up, caught sight of us, and at once sprang up the tree. Getting a momentary hold for his claws on the trunk, he seized Foorsut by the waist-band with his teeth and dragged him down, and as he fell, bit him three times through the back of the thigh, inflicting twelve deep wounds. I shouted loudly, and hurled my hunting-cap at the tiger, on which he slunk off and went down the hill. Presently the men came up, and we made a litter of boughs and sent the wounded man off to the camp, where he was attended to by the native apothecary, who always accompanied my office. I mounted the elephant, and presently came on the tiger, at which I fired, and on going up found him dead. I believe he had died from the first shot. He was a full-grown male, very large and heavy.

The wounded man progressed favorably, and the bone of the leg seemed uninjured. He was doing well on the following day; but on the morning of the second we observed a slight twitching of the points of the fingers. Toward 3 P.M. he fell off suddenly, and by 4 he was dead. This was a sad termination to what had been a brief but successful "chasse"—my bag during the trip consisting of seven tigers, a panther, and a bear.

Here is a strange story of affection shown by a bear for its dead mate. At one time Colonel Cumming was hunting in a jungle with a shaik named Adam, who was sent out one afternoon to look for marks of game and ascertain the prospects of sport. It was nearly dark before he returned to the camp. He said he had been along the crest of the hills, and had visited several caves of bears, finding fresh marks. He was on his way back to the camp, and was entering on a piece of clear ground about 200 yards in length, having a foot-path down the middle of it. On coming out into the open he saw a bear walking leisurely toward him along the path, and as he was not observed, he quietly slipped aside and concealed himself behind some bushes. The bear meanwhile came slowly forward, and when within ten paces the shaik gave it the contents of the long gun through the heart. The bear fell in its tracks quite dead, but, to make sure, he rammed down another charge, and fired again behind its shoulder as it lay on the ground. He then cut boughs of trees, and, having covered up the beast, returned to the tent to procure men to carry it in.

A party of coolies at once set off with him, but on arriving at the spot where the bear had been left, they found it had disappeared. The boughs lay scattered about, and marks of blood were on the ground, but the bear was gone; and it being now quite dark, the men came back and reported matters to us. We, of course (says the author), conjectured that the bear had only been stunned and badly wounded by the shaik, and had managed to recover sufficiently to get away among the dense bush which on all sides surrounded the spot. The shaik, however, who was a man of long experience, and skilled in all matters of wood-craft, assured us that he had left the bear dead, and he believed some beast must have carried it off. It was too late to do any thing then, so we settled to go out at daybreak and clear up the mystery.

The jungle-cocks were crowing in the ravines when we turned out in the morning, and after a light breakfast we set off for the spot whence the bear had disappeared.

As the men had reported, we found the boughs strewed about and much blood on the ground, but the daylight enabled us to see that the carcass had been dragged along the ground, so we prepared to follow up the track. For some distance it led through the open glade, through which the shaik informed us the bear had advanced just before he shot it; after this it went through some thick scrub jungle, and then along the stony bed of a dry water-course.

Here the jungle became very thick, and the thorns and branches were so interlaced across the bed of the stream that we were obliged to stoop, and at times to crawl along on all fours. We were about 500 yards from where the bear had been left, but the blood on the stones enabled us to follow the track with ease.

We kept a sharp look-out ahead, expecting to come on the wounded beast, and at length, in turning an angle of the nullah, we caught a glimpse of a bear moving up the bank in the thick bush. We were unable to get a shot at him, but kept our rifles ready, and on coming up to the spot we found the dead bear lying on the stones. It turned out to be a large female, and the one which we had seen moving off was evidently the he-bear, who, finding the carcass of his spouse on the previous night, had managed to push or drag it all this distance. We were much struck by his conjugal affection, as his grief was no doubt genuine, and not, as is perhaps the case with some other animals, simulated out of deference to public opinion.

He must have moved the body with great care, and evidently hoped that if he could only get her home to their cave, he would be able by assiduous nursing to restore her to health. She was a large bear, and very heavy and fat, but he had moved her throughout the night with such gentleness that the skin was quite uninjured.

Hunting the wild-boar is not among the least exciting and dangerous sports in which lovers of the chase indulge, and Colonel Cumming tells of many interesting adventures encountered in the pursuit of this ferocious animal. About Christmas-time, in 1855, he was camped, in company with a friend by the name of Bowles, at Raanpore. We were greeted one morning (he says) by the welcome intelligence that wild hogs had been seen in the early dawn entering a field of sugar-canes near our tents. We sent out our own people to verify the statement of the villagers; and, instead of guns and rifles, boots and spurs were the order of the day. About breakfast-time our shikarees returned and reported that they had seen the tracks of several pigs, and that two were marked down in some sugar-canes. We were somewhat doubtful of our horses, for that of my friend Bowles, though a stout, well-bred Arab, had only recently arrived from the dealer's stables at Bombay, and had never been tried after hogs. My own had been out before, and I had killed pigs off him, but he was a hot, fiery beast when excited, though at other times gentle as a lamb, and would follow me along the road like a dog. We mounted at about 10 A.M., and moved off to the ground, where we found upward of thirty villagers assembled. When we had quietly taken up a position the beaters entered the cane field, and soon a large sow broke and went off at speed. We did not give her much law, nor, indeed, did she require it, for the ground was in her favor, being uneven and intersected with water-courses. Further on it was more favorable for horses, and we now gained on the flying pig. I could not pay much attention to my friend, for my own horse pulled like a mad beast, and I had some difficulty in keeping him steady. At length we closed on the sow, but her speed was wonderful, and she cleared thorn hedges like a greyhound. Nevertheless the pace was evidently telling on her, and I succeeded in delivering my spear behind her shoulder. The pig gave a sudden twist, and nearly wrenched the spear from my hand, but I held on, and got clear away. In another moment my friend planted his spear in a vital spot, and she rolled over, dead. She was one of those long-legged, lanky sows, which I have generally found give good runs. Their pace is much faster than that of an old boar, whose sense of dignity usually prevents him from a too hasty retreat from his foes.

After breathing our horses we returned to the cane field, as our men were certain that it held another pig. Their supposition was correct, and we soon knew by the shouts of the beaters, who had now re-entered the covert, that something was on foot. Presently a fine stout boar jumped out, and stood hesitating by the edge of the sugar-canes. But the line of beaters was advancing on him, and having apparently made up his mind about his line of country, he bounded off. Fearful lest he should turn back to the covert, we let him get well away before starting; but our horses had seen him break away, and mine was nearly wild with excitement, and danced as if on hot plates. At last we started, riding steadily together, with a strong pull on the bridles. The boar took over a fine open country, with light soil, and ground free from holes or cracks, and we saw that his fate was sealed. By the backward glance of his eye we knew he would do mischief if he could, and his long white tushes warned us to be careful. Letting out my horse a little, I suddenly closed on him, but he swerved, and was getting away, when, at that instant, Bowles planted his spear between his ribs. On receiving the thrust, he charged across the front of his pursuer, and the shaft of the spear, coming against the horse's chest, was knocked out of his hand, and remained sticking in the boar, who at once pulled up and stood at bay, determined to die game. Bowles's horse would not go near him, and it was in vain that he tried to recover his spear, for the boar always met him with a vicious charge. Watching my opportunity, I put my horse into a gallop, and delivered my spear as I passed. The thrust was a deadly one, and as the boar staggered Bowles cantered past and succeeded in regaining his spear, and a few more thrusts laid low the boar. This run had taken us to some distance from our shikarees, who, with the beaters, now came up, and the boar having been hung on a pole, was sent off to our tents.

Altogether we were at Raanpore about ten days, and we made a fine mixed bag. Bowles intended to visit the Geer of Kattyawar, during the following hot season, for the purpose of lion-hunting, a pursuit which he had followed the previous year with some success. In addition to bagging several full-grown lions, he had succeeded in capturing a fine cub, which he brought to Surat, where it wandered at will about our house during the rainy season. It was then about as large as a Clumber spaniel, and very good-natured except at feeding-time. Having got out of a veranda on the first floor, it passed down the weather-boards, and jumping to the ground from a height of about eight feet, strained its back and fore-legs, and soon after died. I have had bears, panthers, and tigers at various times as household pets, but none of them were so good-natured and docile as this young lion. We were sorry to break up our shooting-camp when we had to return to our respective districts; and poor Bowles never lived to make his second excursion to the Geer, for within six months of our parting at Raanpore he was laid in the grave-yard at Ahmedabad.

One of our favorite hunting grounds was at Santhul, about four miles east of Dholka. Here the Samburmuttee River flows over a wide sandy bed, having, in many parts, large patches of cypress, in the cool shade of which the wild pigs delight to lie during the heat of the day. My men were always on the look-out, and when I learned from them that there were fair hunting prospects I sent intimation to my friends in the cantonment, and forthwith a meet of the Hunt was arranged, and was attended by all lovers of the noble sport who could get leave of absence.

I was hunting at Santhul with my friend Major Johnson, and in some sugar-canes near the river we started a stout boar. Johnson was well mounted on a hunter of good repute, while I had only my Galloway, a strong beast about 13.3 in height. He was, however, a very fast pony, and entered fully into the spirit of the chase, and would double and turn after a boar almost of his own accord. The pig made across an inclosed country, and gave us some sharp scrambles over and through the cactus hedges. At length he turned and made for the river, the bank of which at this place was rather abrupt. We were close on him when he dashed into the broad, shallow stream, but the uneven sand was scooped out in parts by the action of the water, and we had two or three desperate flounders before reaching the other side. Here we came on a considerable breadth of cypress, which would be under water in the rainy season, and beyond this, at a distance of some 300 yards, was the other bank of the river, a steep slope of thirty or forty feet. The cypress covert was all ridge and furrow, caused by floods, and was very awkward to cross at a rapid pace. The boar held on as though he would go up the bank, and thinking to spear him on the ascent, Johnson urged his horse to the front, but, with a sudden swerve, the pig turned up the river, while the horse shot up the bank and was completely thrown out. My Galloway behaved admirably, turning sharp with the boar, and as we were now running up the sandy furrows, we were enabled to put on more steam. The boar, however, kept his lead, and Johnson, who was galloping along the top of the bank, and unable to find a place to descend, could not render any assistance. At length I began to close on the pig, and had made up my mind that I was to get the tushes, when, to my horror, my friend, with his horse quite fresh, having found a path down the bank, came by me hand over hand, and shooting past, took the first spear. I gave the second, and the boar fell dead. Johnson was greatly excited, and his conscience smote him for depriving me of the spear for which I had worked so hard. "By Jove," said he, "you rode that pig well! I had no right to take that spear! It was an awful shame!" With that he commenced shaking me violently by the hand, and pouring forth expressions of admiration and respect. It would have been amusing for a looker-on to see two Britons standing by their reeking horses in the bed of the Indian river shaking hands over the gory carcass of the dead boar.

A favorite meet was at Suheej, a few miles further down the river. I was camped at this place with my friend Bulkley in the month of May. The heat was intense; but this was in some respects in our favor, as the pigs were attracted to the cypress in the bed of the river. We left our tents about 9 A.M., our shikarees having been out before daybreak. They met us on the ground, and reported that several hogs had been seen in the early morning entering the covert. Soon after the beaters began to move a well-grown boar left the jungle, and ascending the bank, went off slowly over the open country. We gave him a good start, and then cantered after him. By the time we topped the bank he was well away, and we now increased the pace and closed up to him. On finding himself pursued he halted, looked round for a moment, and then went off at score. We now went at him in earnest, and both being well and evenly mounted, we had a most exciting chase. The pace was good throughout, and the boar ran true for some distant sanctuary; which he was doomed never to reach. I had got the best place, being on his left quarter; and as I made a rush at him I made sure of the spear, but with a sudden swerve he shot across my front, nearly upsetting my horse, and I missed him. He was less fortunate with Bulkley, who stopped him with a thrust behind the shoulder, and as the blood streamed from his mouth, we saw that his race was run. He struggled gamely on for a short distance, but my second attempt was more successful, and poor piggy was laid low. We were now joined by our grooms and a few beaters, the main body having been quietly drawn out of the covert by the shikarees as soon as the pig broke away. The boar was slung on a pole and carried back to the river; and having breathed our horses, we remounted and returned to our old places. On reaching the high bank which bounded the cypress covert we observed a monster boar crossing the broad shallow stream, and making for a patch of cypress of some extent on the other side. In a position commanding a full view of this covert we had placed a native in a tree as a marker. As we could see him plainly, and he made no indication of the boar having gone on, we concluded he had lain up in the covert. We therefore arranged to put the beaters again into the place which we had first driven, and before long another pig—a sow this time—came out, and went off, taking much the same line of country as the boar we had killed. She gave a very good and fast run over some very rough ground, but our horses carried us well and never made a false step. As we reached some good riding ground we pressed in on her, and I took the first spear, on which she stood and seemed determined to act on the offensive. Bulkley advanced at her at a walk—a rather dangerous proceeding, as in the event of the spear missing, both horse and rider are at the mercy of the pig, which can make its rush and do damage before its foes can get away.

Bulkley, however, stopped her, but so determined was the charge that she managed to run in on the spear and bit him sharply in the foot. Fortunately he was protected by a stout deer-skin boot, and before farther mischief could be done I had turned and given her the *coup de grace*. Again returning to the river, we were met by grooms leading a couple of Galloways, which we mounted, sending off our horses to the tents. We partook of a slight refreshment, and as we smoked our pipes we formed the plan of attack on the big boar which we had seen crossing the river.

The beaters being sent round, we took up our positions, and stood anxiously waiting the appearance of the monster. Tom-toms and drums were loudly beaten, horns were blown, and guns fired, but still no signs of the game; and it was only when the last man left the covert that I began to suspect the true state of affairs. Leaving the beaters, our shikarees proceeded to examine the ground round the cypress, and on coming to within a few yards of the tree on which our look-out man had been posted, they came on the tracks of the boar, leading up the bank. The villain had either slept on his post, or had been amusing himself by watching our runs in the morning, and had allowed the boar to pass up the bank unobserved. The foot-prints were not to be mistaken, for the boar was of the largest size.

Leaving the river, he had made a detour of about two miles in the open country, which, though cultivated, was at this season quite bare of crops. Our men were equal to the occasion, and taking up the track, they moved quickly along, scoring the ground at every few yards with a short stick across the prints of the boar's hoofs. We now found that he was crossing a wide bend in the river, and that the tracks would again fall into the bed of the stream. The trackers moved fast and sure, and we followed close in their wake with the crowd of beaters. At length we came to where a smaller stream joined the river, and on the ground between the two was a crop of irrigated maize, about ten feet in height, and looking very cool and green. The smaller stream was about fifteen yards in width, slow and sluggish, having about a foot of water, and an equal amount of black mud below it. We had crossed and sent the beaters to the end next the junction of the streams, when we heard much yelling and shouting, and next moment the boar came out at speed, and dashed down the slope into the stream we had just crossed. Bulkley was only a few yards from him, and driving in his spurs, he rushed down the bank, regardless or forgetful of the muddy bottom. His horse seemed to turn heels over head, and as I checked mine and floundered slowly across he was picking himself out of the black mud and shaking his steed to his legs again. He had lost his hunting-cap, and his spear was buried in the grimy slush. I reached the bank in safety, and gathering up my Galloway, I went on after the boar. From his great size and weight, I was sure he would make a good fight, and I saw I had work cut out for me, so I determined not to irritate him with a minor poke, but, if possible, to disable or check him till such time as my friend should emerge from the mud and come to my assistance. As the boar went along at an easy canter, I saw I should have no difficulty in overhauling him. We were going up the side of a field, having a high mud bank on our right, and watching my opportunity, I lowered my spear and pressed my horse with the spur. In an instant I was alongside of the boar, and had my spear within a few inches of his shoulder, when, with a savage grunt, he made a sidelong charge at my horse. The spear took him in the neck and checked him, but with a sudden wrench he broke the bamboo shaft, leaving the head imbedded in his muscles. Turning my horse sharp to the left, I got clear away, but having only the headless spear-shaft in my hand, my offensive powers were at an end, and I saw that my only hope of getting the boar lay in being able to keep him in view till my friend should rejoin me. In this way we held on over many fields. At times I pursued and tried to turn the boar, at others he pursued me, and then I was forced to "advance backward." Still no signs of my friend, and I began to fear that either he or his horse had been seriously damaged. The boar had nearly reached the spot from whence we had first started him in the morning, and as he went down the steep bank into the cypress cover I pulled up in despair. At that moment I saw Bulkley coming along at a hand-gallop, and with a frantic yell I again set off after the boar. Aided by Bulkley, I succeeded in turning him toward the water, into which he hurled himself and lay still, apparently dead beat. Springing from his horse, Bulkley lowered his spear and ran in at him, but the boar rose and charged. He was stopped by a thrust in the neck, but his great weight broke the bamboo, and though Bulkley managed to get away unscathed, we had no spears, and were now powerless for all purposes of attack. Unwilling to leave the wounded beast, and hoping that some of our men with spare spears would soon come up, we followed him slowly down the river, and seeing some cultivators irrigating their fields near the banks, Bulkley rode off to them in the hope of obtaining some offensive weapon.

Presently he came after me armed with a short crooked sword, but by this time the boar was going down a part of the river where he had an abrupt bank six feet in height on his immediate left. Bulkley vainly tried to force him out, as he found it impossible to reach him with the short sword. At length he made a cut, but the boar charging at the same moment, ripped his horse in the foreleg, and finding that he could not again get him to go near the pig, he handed me the sword, and I took up the running.

We here came to a tributary stream, joining the river at right angles. Into this we plunged, and as the boar swam almost on a level with my saddle, I rose in the stirrups and made a cut at him with all the force I could muster. Had the weapon served me truly, I should have laid the boar in two halves, but the blade of the sword, being merely fastened into the hilt with lac, fell out, and the pig turned on me. I had just time to fend him off with my hand, receiving as I did so a slight cut over the thumb from his tusk.

Wheeling my horse round, I got away from him, when he crossed the stream, and, turning up the other bank, left the main river. By this time he was nearly exhausted, and our shikaree appeared on the scene, having followed the run on foot. Another sword was procured from some cultivators. The shikaree carried his own, and one of his men had an iron-bound club. Leaving our panting steeds, we made a simultaneous rush on the boar, as he stood at bay in the water. He made a last charge, but the swords cut fairly this time, and the huge beast succumbed.

I have been in at the death of many boars, but I never saw a run so full of excitement as that which I have now endeavored to describe.

We returned to our tents well satisfied with the day's work, and the leading incidents of the last run were committed to paper in a series of four spirited sketches by the ever-ready pen of my light-hearted friend. I have them by me now, but the hand of the limner has been chilled in death, never again to grasp the spear or guide his gallant steed in the soul-stirring chase of the grim gray boar.

In hunting the wild hog injuries from their tushes are sometimes received both by horses and beaters, but it is seldom that the riders suffer. The wound made by the tusk of a pig on the human leg is generally of the form of the letter L—like a tear in woolen cloth.

It is wonderful that injuries to beaters are not more frequent than they are, for a boar will constantly break back, and when the line is advancing through cypress or high sugar-cane he often can not be seen till he is almost upon the men. We seldom, however, had any difficulty in assembling beaters, and though at times they naturally expressed an objection to move in on a wounded pig, yet, on the whole, they showed great pluck and a proper enjoyment of the sport.

The injury done was not always in proportion to the size of the pig, and I have seen a horse badly cut by a small sow with teeth only half an inch in length. We had been hunting her in the cypress covert, when she broke back, and in the centre of a small clear space of ground was met by one of our party who was cantering up to join us. He rode fair at the pig, which never swerved an inch, but charged straight at the horse. The steed was fresh, and tried to jump over her, but the sow, without slacking her pace, seemed to throw up her head and just touch the horse on the hind-leg as she passed on. The jump given by the horse caused the rider to miss his spear, and as he turned to follow the pig we saw a clean cut, five inches in length, down the shank of the hind-leg. The horse was, of course, laid up for some time.

On another occasion I pursued a boar which had been driven from a cane field. He crossed the bed of the Samburmuttee River soon after I had slightly pricked him, and we were thoroughly splashed by the time we reached the other side. The boar was a heavy one and lazy, and I was soon alongside of him. On being again speared he stood at bay. Turning my horse, I walked toward him, and as I advanced he charged. He was, fortunately, very groggy, and missing his stroke he stood under my horse's neck. In vain I tried to shorten my spear, which was dripping with water and slipped through my hand; and after several tosses of his head the boar struck his tusk into my horse's chest. At that moment he was killed by a thrust from another of our party. Dismounting, I found my horse streaming with blood from a deep but narrow wound, which we only stanched by pinning the sides together and binding them up with thread.

There was a good covert for hog at Rheenjah, about eight miles south of Dholka. I was encamped there in the hot season of 1855, with Bulkley, and walking out one morning near the tents, we came on the fresh tracks of a goodly boar leading into a sugar-cane field. A few beaters were collected, and we went out in the afternoon. Bulkley was mounted on a large iron-gray Arab, which had been sent out to his camp by a young gentleman who, I believe, was anticipating a visit from bum-bailiffs. I rode my Galloway, having no fear that so heavy a boar would be likely to beat us by speed. He was soon started, and at once made for some extensive cypress covert in the bed of the river. We therefore gave him short law, but unfortunately turned him into another cane field. Across his path lay a dry thorn hedge, over four feet in height, which he cleared at a bound, like a deer. We had some difficulty in again dislodging him, but this time he took a more favorable line, and after letting him get well away, we went after him. The iron-gray got the better of his rider, and bolted between two thorn hedges. A bushy tree overhung the path, and, as he dashed under it, Bulkley had a narrow escape, for his hunting-cap was knocked off, his spear sent spinning out of his hand, and he sustained a severe contusion on the shoulder.

My Galloway behaved admirably, and, putting his ears back, followed the boar closely; but on passing through some thin jungle he breasted a mimosa sapling, covered with long sharp thorns, and, as he brushed over it, he received a smart blow on the head from the stem. The boar then crossed some open ground, and I was close on him, when he seemed to think he had taken the wrong line of country, and pulled up sharp—sliding along the ground on his hind quarters—then, turning suddenly, he retraced his steps at full speed.

My horse checked himself in an instant; but so sudden was the movement that I was thrown off my balance, and the sharp strain snapped my stirrup-leather, and nearly brought me to the ground. However, I managed to keep my seat, and, wheeling round, I soon closed again with the boar. In front of us lay a cactus hedge fifteen feet high; and seeing that he would escape unless I speared before he arrived at it, I crammed my horse at him. Before he could reach the hedge my spear was into him; but, though badly wounded, he struggled on, and, passing through a gap, got away.

Fortunately at this moment I was joined by Bulkley, who came up on the other side, and, meeting the boar, turned him back. He was afraid again to face the open; but sticking to the hedge, whose overhanging branches prevented our getting at him, he kept dodging back toward the sugar-cane, which was not far distant. Judging that if he could only reach its friendly shelter he would be safe from his pursuers, he at length made a rush. Just then I found an opening in the cactus, and joining Bulkley, we raced after him.

About fifty yards from the canes was a steep green slope, at the top of which we both speared him at the same instant. Bulkley drove his spear from his stern to his chest, while mine passed through across his body, and as we let them go the transfixed boar rolled down the slope and lay dead at the bottom.

Altogether it was a most exciting chase, and we had reason to congratulate ourselves on the finish, for had we not slain the boar when we did he would have reached the canes, and we should not again have been able to make him break cover.

Suspecting that my horse had got badly pricked by the mimosa thorns, I dismounted and examined his head. I found one spike driven through the cartilage of his nose, and another broken short off just above the eye. Both were so firmly imbedded that I had to draw them out with my teeth, but no bad consequences ensued.

One of my shikarees, named Emaum, was by birth almost a pure negro, with all the characteristics of the race both in face and person. He generally moved in light marching order, his dress consisting of an unclean turban, and a strip of cloth passed under a string, which he wore round his waist. Over his shoulder he carried a brown blanket. His accoutrements were a long flint gun, a belt with sundry bags attached, and a long knife. By creed a Mohammedan, he was, I regret to say, addicted to strong waters, and when he came to us he stipulated that his daily wage should be one shilling and two glasses of brandy. He was, however, so far mindful of his duty to his employers that he never, except on special occasions, took his drink till the day's work was over. He seemed much pleased at the prospect of sport, and informed us that he had a strong predilection for flesh—a craving which, he added, had not been lately gratified. Moideen, another shikaree, was the son of old Kamah, mentioned by the "Old Forest Ranger," in whose words the following anecdote of his early life is told:

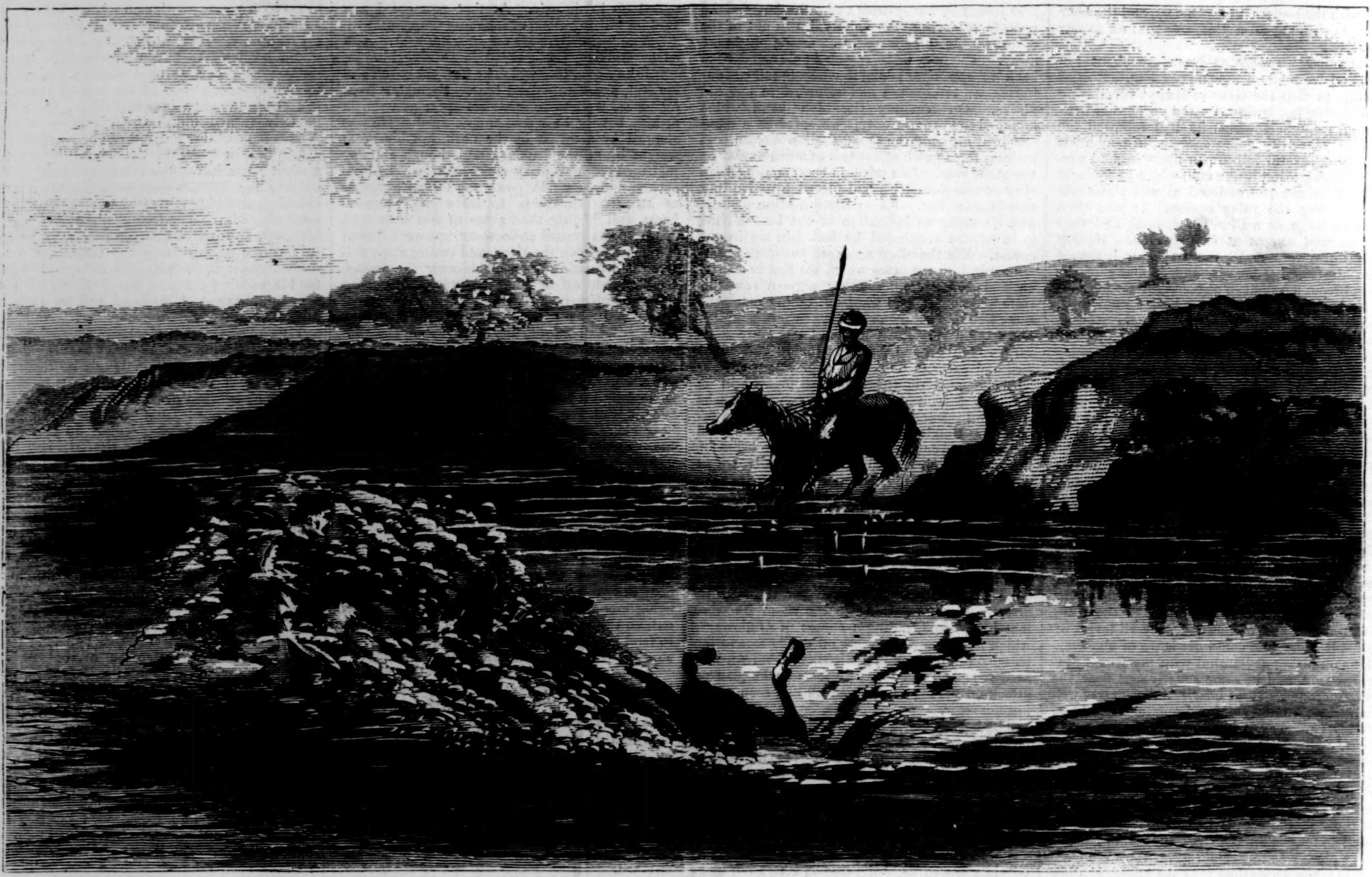
"While sitting at breakfast we were alarmed by hearing cries of distress proceeding from the Jagheerdar's hut, and on running out to ascertain the cause, we found old Kamah in a furious state of excitement, his left hand firmly fixed in the woolly pate of the hopeful scion of his house, and belaboring him soundly with a stout bamboo.

"We inquired what crime young Moideen had been guilty of, to bring upon him such a storm of parental indignation, and learned, to our astonishment, that it was all owing to his having killed a tiger!

"One of his father's tame buffaloes having been killed by a tiger on the previous day, the young savage had watched for him during the night, and shot him from a tree when he returned to feed upon the carcass.

"This most people would have considered a very gallant and meritorious exploit on the part of a lad of fifteen, but the old forester was of a different opinion.

"It was all very well, he said, for us who lived in the open country to wage war with tigers; but with him, who lived on social terms with them in the jungle, the case was different. 'I have no quarrel with tigers! I never injured one of them, they never injured me, and while there was peace between us I went among them without fear of



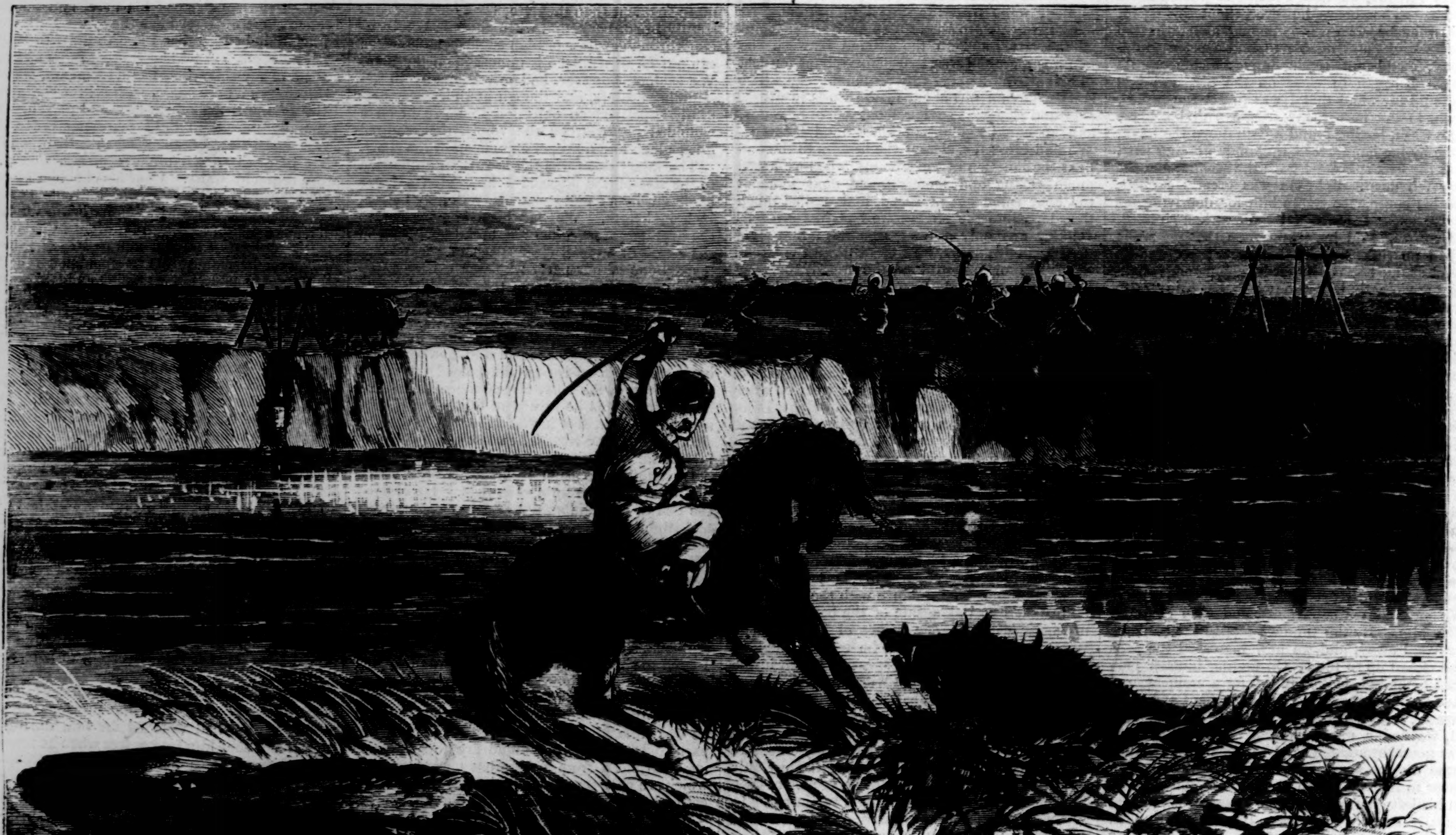
HUNTING IN INDIA—A MUD BATH.

danger. But now that this young rascal has picked a quarrel and commenced hostilities, there is no saying where the feud will end.'

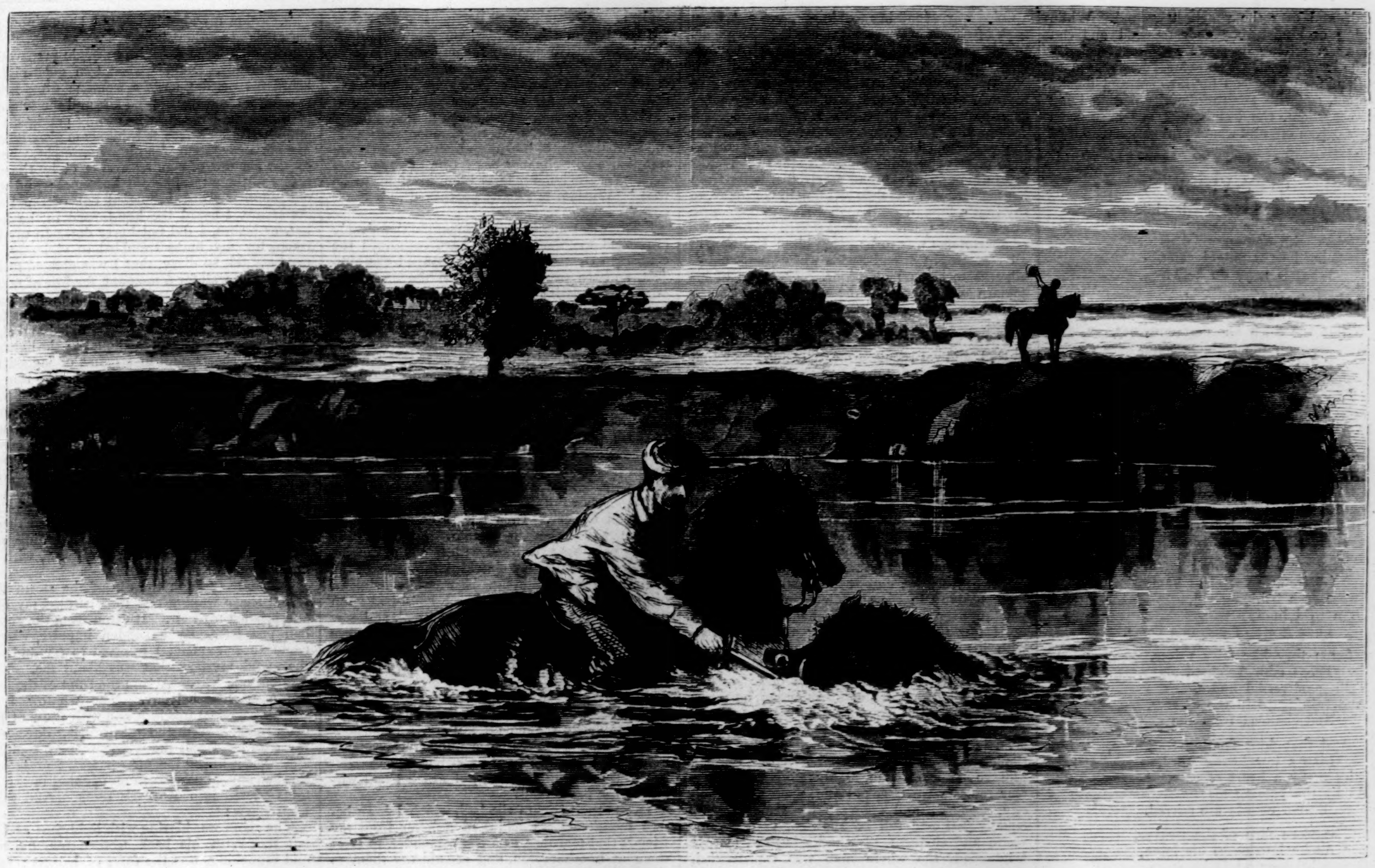
"And for this breach of good fellowship between the family of Kamah and his feline neighbors the unfortunate youngster was being beaten to a mummy!"

Old boars are often very cunning, and will hang back in a thicket when the rest of the sounder breaks, stealing quietly off when the field is in hot pursuit of some of the smaller pigs. As a rule, they do not give so fast a run as a young boar or a long-legged sow; but when brought to bay they are awkward customers, and frequently leave their mark on their pursuers. Our beaters were ripped on several occasions, but fortunately the wounds were not severe, and were confined to the legs. Although, when charging, boars come on with savage grunts, they seldom cry out when speared; and a pig who dies with a squeal is generally regarded as an ignoble beast, having in his veins the blood of domestic ancestors.

I remember a joke played off on a man whose deeds in the saddle were not supposed to lose aught of their importance by his own description of them. Some youngsters of the cantonment, having purchased a village pig, had been in the habit of sending it out a mile or two in a cart, and hunting it home with long bamboos. By this course of training the piggy acquired wind and some degree of speed. At length, on a day appointed, he was taken out and secured by the leg in the covert. The usual party, with the addition of the mighty hunter, were assembled at the mess tiffin, when a native came up and reported a fine boar marked down. Horses and spears were called for, and, with the guide in advance, all proceeded to the jungle-side. Nimrod announced his intention of refraining from all active part in the proceedings, on the ground that it would be unfair for an old experienced hunter like himself to take the spear from a lot of young fellows to whom the sport was new. He was, however, assured that without his valuable aid the game would probably escape, and that it was therefore hoped he would not practice such extreme self-denial. On the riders taking up their positions, men were sent to free the obscene beast, which speedily appeared; and, in expectation of the customary chevy, made off at his best pace. By judicious management all the field got thrown out with the exception of Nimrod, who was seen riding like a man, and coming up to the pig hand over hand. Making a well-directed rush, with a triumphant shout, he speared the beast, and a few more thrusts rolled it over. The other riders now gathered round the redoubtable hunter, who was seen standing by the prostrate "gaumtee," waving his cap and brandishing his



HUNTING IN INDIA—THE BOAR CHARGES.



HUNTING IN INDIA—THE SWORD BREAKS.

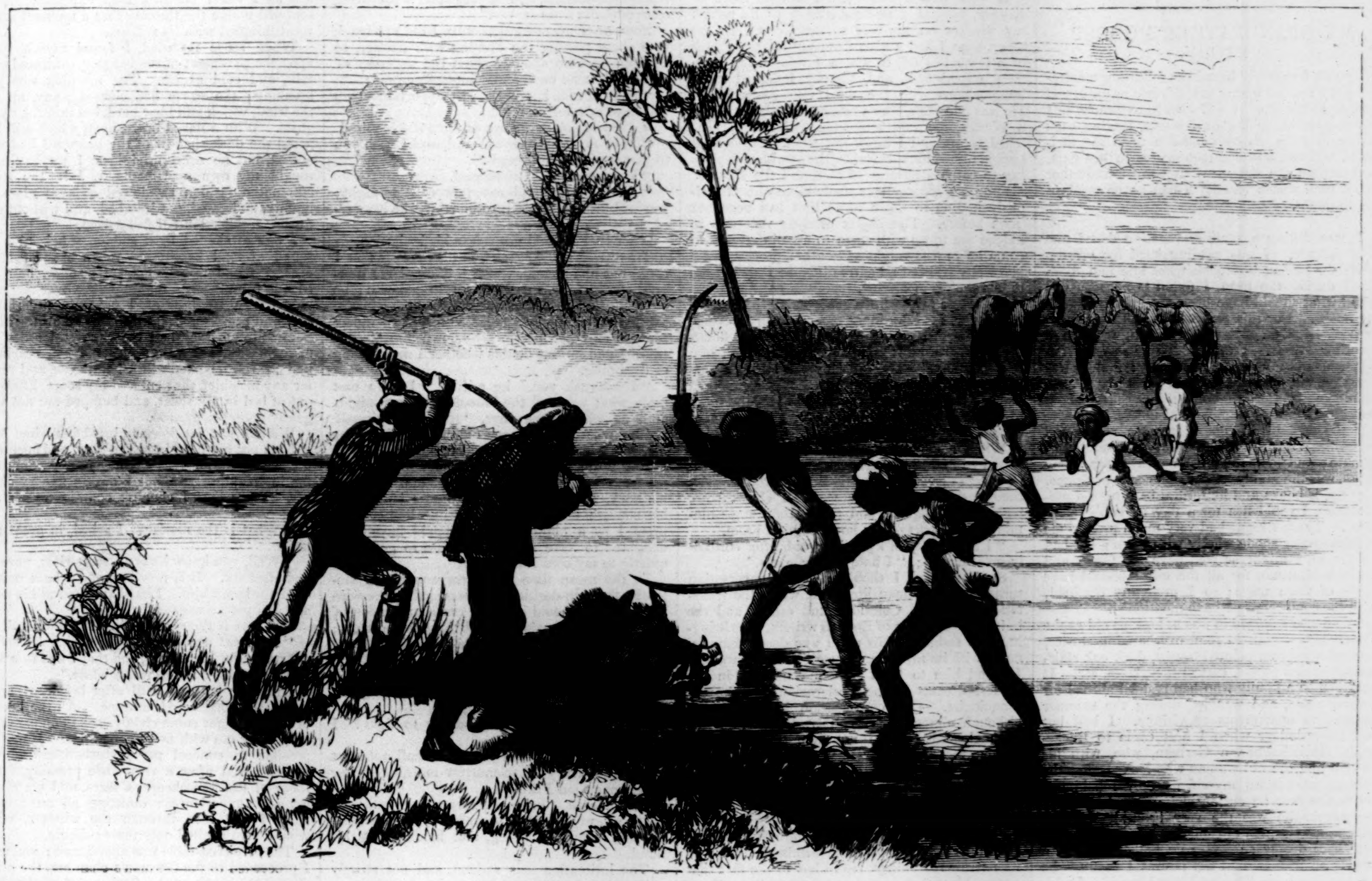
blood-stained spear. "Gentlemen!" he cried, "it was too bad of me! but really when I saw the boar break cover my blood got up, and I was quite unable to restrain myself!" At this moment a villager, who had been previously well coached, came running up and demanded payment for his property. It was long before Nimrod again entertained the mess with his hunting exploits.

The most narrow escape from death experienced by the author was in a sharp encounter with an infuriated she-bear. He was beating a close jungle with a native, named Bappoo, when he saw a male bear about thirty paces in front of him, making off at speed toward the right. He fired at once, but the smoke came back on him; and as it cleared away he saw another bear, not ten yards off, going away after the first. He let drive with the second barrel, on which she wheeled round and came straight at him, grunting viciously. He had no time to turn to get a second rifle before she was on him. Rising on her hind-legs, she attempted to seize him by the throat in her teeth; and as he fended her off with his left arm, she got it in her mouth, and crunched it up like a cucumber. Meanwhile she was not idle with her formidable claws, with which she tore open his clothes, and gave him an ugly score across the ribs. At that moment Bappoo rushed in and shot her through the body. She dropped on all fours, but retained her hold on the colonel's hand with her teeth, tugging furiously to get him down. As they struggled, a young bear which she carried on her back, and which had been struck by his shot, fell dead at their feet, and the old lady's temper was evidently not improved by the bereavement.

Bappoo behaved admirably. He again rushed to the front, and, raising his rifle, watched his opportunity for another shot. The colonel called to him not to blow his hand off; at that instant Bappoo fired, and the bear relaxed her grip and fell back with a ragged hole through her head. All this was the work of a few seconds.

The colonel's left wrist was nearly bitten through, both bones were smashed, and the hand twisted round. He was, moreover, cut across the ribs by the bear's claws. Holding up the wounded limb in a hanging position, he turned the hand round into its place, and supported it on the other arm till a friend came and cut some slips of bamboo, and bound the whole up with a turban. The colonel was astonished at the utter absence of pain, for the wound was grewsome to behold. He never recovered the full use of his wrist and hand.

The rage of the bear had evidently been kindled by her offspring being wounded. They generally bring out their young in some cave or mass of rocks, and as soon as they can run about the young bears travel over the country on the backs of their mothers, burying themselves in the long hair, to which they cling with great tenacity, holding their position at any



HUNTING IN INDIA—DEATH OF THE BOAR.

speed, and over the roughest ground. While feeding or undisturbed they descend and run about, scrambling up again with great celerity on the least alarm. The colonel had reason to be thankful to Bappoo for his cool and plucky conduct, as, with her murdered offspring lying between them, the bear would not have been easily driven off, and would probably have killed him.

CITY VIOLETS.

Fairest of Spring's fair children,
Babes of the flowery year,
Violets with dew-sprent eyes
Deep-hued as midnight skies—
What is it ye do here?

Here, in the pent-up city,
Far from your native dell,
Where the finch her nest entwines,
And through the budding pines
Fitful March breezes swell?

In place of streaming sunshine,
And free, bud-blowing air,
Upon your beauty falls
The shade of prisoning walls,
And gas-light's yellow glare.

Through street and crowded alley
Your fresh-plucked buds are borne,
Laden with pleasant tales
Of woods and ancient vales,
Thick with the white sloe-thorn.

Ever amid the tumult
Of traffic's ceaseless hum,
Sweet as a babbling rill,
Or a wild linnet's trill,
Your gusts of perfume come.

Seem they like fairy voices,
Those odor-freighted sighs,
Telling of vernal hours,
And rain-drops in the flowers,
New-chaliced from the skies.

And that faint floating fragrance,
Like a low loving word,
Stirs many a heart of care,
As by the passing air
Æolian chords are stirred.

The worn face of the weaver,
As he hurries to his loom,
Grows brighter while he stays
His weary glance to gaze
Upon your purple bloom.

The pale-browed seamstress pauses
A moment, as she feels
Within her room your scent,
That from the roadway pent,
Through her dull casement steals.

To thousand, thousand workers
In labor's serried ranks,
Bright breezy thoughts ye bring
Of meadows white with spring,
Green crofts and sunny banks!

And therefore, Spring's fair children,
Babes of the flowery year,
Violets with dew-sprent eyes
Deep-hued as midnight skies—
Thrice-welcome are ye here!

MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

I have frequently heard the following marvelous story related by my grandfather as an actual episode in his life. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, leaving each reader to form his own opinion upon the incidents, without any commentary upon my part, farther than the statement that my grandfather was a man whose veracity I had never any reason to doubt.

It was during a summer vacation that I met Karl Körner. I was reading hard for my degree; for having been somewhat idle and dissipated during the term, I found it necessary to spend what should have been my holiday among my books. For this purpose I pitched my tent at Bucksleigh, an ancient and romantic village in the New Forest. I was guided by several considerations in my choice of locality: first, it was a reasonable distance, even in those days, from London and Oxford; secondly, I was bitten about that time by an entomological mania, and here was the spot of all others for rare moths and butterflies; thirdly, a delightful and salubrious climate; and fourthly, not far away, near Stony Cross, was the family seat of some college chums, whither, if books and butterflies became too monotonous, I could flee for a day or two's relaxation. These friends had very much pressed me to take up my abode wholly with them; but had I done so, I might as well have left Greek and Latin behind me, for all the use I should have made of them there; so I prudently declined, with the compromise I have mentioned.

The house I lodged in was at least as old as the Tudor days—pointed roof, overhanging stories, latticed windows, painted beams, dark oak staircases, paneled rooms, carved fire-places, etc. It belonged to a family who had resided abroad for several years, and was let, during the summer months, in apartments to visitors. I had but one fellow-lodger when I first came to Bucksleigh, Karl Körner, a German, who, with his servant and the old woman who looked after the house, was, besides myself, its only inhabitant. From the first he curiously impressed me. In appearance he was the very beau-ideal of the mysterious German of romance. Long fair hair, blue eyes deeply sunken, pale hollow cheeks, a moody demeanor, and tall powerful figure—he might have been Charles Moor himself. In his habits he was reserved to moroseness. He had a weird way of talking to himself, and a strange trick of almost every moment casting sharp fearful glances over his shoulder, as though he fancied some unpleasant object were behind him. No one was suffered to enter his apartments save his own servant, a dark saturnine-looking man, as mysterious as himself. I questioned Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper, as to who he was. But she was as much in the dark, and far more curious than myself respecting him. About two months before his arrival she had received a letter from her master, who was then residing in Germany, to say that a foreign gentleman would, in the course of a few weeks, arrive at Bucksleigh. The choice of apartments was to be given him; she was, in all respects, to attend to his wishes, and, above all, was to ask no questions. The time of his sojourn was uncertain: he might leave at any moment. This was all the information she possessed.

There was something about Körner that attracted, and yet repulsed me. The mystery that excited my curiosity may be ascribed to the first feeling; the dark sinister expression that sometimes mingled with the gloom upon his face to the second. I frequently saw him wandering about in the forest during my entomological rambles; but both in and out of the house he avoided an actual meeting.

We had been fellow-lodgers about a fortnight, when, without having previously exchanged a greeting, we became suddenly acquainted. It happened in this way: I had been out in the forest all the morning butterfly-hunting, and having captured in my net a splendid red admiral, two peacocks, and some smaller fry, I was lying basking in the shadow of a huge beech, gloating over my prey, when, happening to look up, I saw the German leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon me. I had not heard his footfall upon the soft turf, and his sudden appearance quite startled me. Without a word of introduction, he threw himself upon the grass, and entered into conversation as freely as though we had been old acquaintances. He spoke English fluently, although with a strong foreign accent. I found him to be a man of highly cultivated mind. Our topics were Greek, Latin, poetry, entomology, scenery; and upon all his remarks were equally just and full of knowledge. He grew warm and eloquent, his cheeks flushed, his eye brightened, the whole man was transformed. Suddenly, without any warning, in the very midst of a speech, he stopped, the color died out of his face, leaving a ghastly pallor in its place, while his eyes, full of horror, stared wildly upon vacancy. The change was so instantaneous that for a moment I was struck as speechless as himself, my eyes instinctively following the direction of his. I could see nothing but the waving branches of the trees and the bright sunlight. Before I had recovered my self-possession sufficiently to speak, he sprang to his feet and hurried away; as the trees hid him from my sight, I saw him cast the old fearful look over his shoulder.

There was something about the incident that, in spite of the bright sunshine, gave me a strange superstitious feeling. After a long cogitation, I could come to only one conclusion, that the German was mad, and that his saturnine servant was his keeper.

A week passed away, and I saw no more of Körner, beyond a fleeting glance as he passed my window on his way to the forest. In the mean time I had a visit from my college chums of a few miles off, to whom I related my German experiences, and thereby inflamed their imaginations with the most outrageous ideas. He was one of Schiller's robbers, Mephistopheles, a Werter, the wild huntsman, Salathiel, a banished count, and I know not what. Ensconced behind my window-curtains, they waited his passing to catch a glimpse of him, and the sight of his strange, gloomy face made them almost seriously incline to those ideas that had been but jests before. The object of their visit was to induce me to go with them to a ball that was to come off in a fortnight at Southampton. But I heroically resisted all entreaties; so they left me to my studies in disgust.

Great was my surprise one evening, just as the twilight was closing in, at receiving this message from Mrs. Adams—"Would Mr. Serle honor Mr. Körner by his company, and sup with him that evening?" The old lady was all in a flutter as she spoke the words. We exchanged looks. My curiosity was aroused to see the sanctorum that none had beheld, and I instantly accepted.

When I entered the room, I felt almost surprised to find that there was nothing peculiar in it, except that it was peculiarly comfortable. Although the weather was warm, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and three large lamps illumined every part of the large, sombre room.

"I like plenty of light," he said, after cordially greeting me; "I hate dark corners."

So it seemed, I thought. Our conversation turned upon German literature, which the translations of Scott, Coleridge, and others, and the imitations of a host of English writers, were bringing into fashion. His mind was deeply impregnated with its mystic and metaphysical character. I found him to be a profound believer in the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucian and the demonologist. Our conversation had naturally, although almost imperceptibly, drifted into this channel, and I could not help remarking the strange forced manner in which he spoke upon the subject, as though compelled to talk of it by some occult power against his will. I ventured to be skeptical, and shall never forget the look with which he turned on me.

"Your philosophy," he said, bitterly, "rejects all things that do not come within the scope of its narrow reasonings, regardless of the fact that every object that exists contains within itself unsolvable mysteries. Of the nature of our own souls, of their condition or destination, after they are freed from their bodies, we know nothing. Can we conceive eternity? can we conceive illimitable space? space before matter? the principles of our own being? We know these things are, but we can not bring them within the petty circle of our reason. In the face of these mighty mysteries, and of the yet mightier mysteries of the Christian faith, how dare man arrogantly assert that aught *can not* be? One of your poets says, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Wisdom is usually purchased at a bitter cost."

There was something in his manner that deeply impressed me, and I would have continued the conversation, but he skillfully changed the subject, and we were soon deep in the discussion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature. In this agreeable discourse, aided by an excellent supper, some equally good wine and cigars, time glided on almost imperceptibly.

It was just upon the stroke of twelve when I wished him good-night. As I opened the door, I fancied I heard a sound like the rustling of a woman's dress. Thinking it was Mrs. Adams, who was the only female in the house, coming up to speak to me, I turned my head; but there was no one upon the landing or on the staircase. The sound passed me, and there was a flutter in the air, as though it were disturbed by some moving body. Following its supposed direction, my eyes fell upon Körner. In a few seconds a ghastly change had fallen upon him. His face was deadly pale, his eyes fixed with a look of horror, his hands convulsively clutching the arms of the chair upon which he sat. I was advancing to him, thinking he was ill, when a hand laid upon my shoulder held me back. I turned, and saw the German servant, who by word and gesture requested my absence. The next moment I found myself outside the door, and heard the key turned in the lock.

A week elapsed, during which I and Körner never once met. I had been hard at my books, had completely shaken off my late superstitious terrors, retaken to skepticism, and had thoroughly made up my mind that the German was the victim of some painful disease, of which I had witnessed the paroxysms.

It was the night of the ball, which I have before mentioned. I had had a letter from my friends that morning, as a last persuader, to meet them at Southampton, and accompany them to the ball. But I heeded not the voice of the charmer, and was further strengthened in my virtuous resolution by the weather, which, uncertain for several days past, toward the evening in question assumed a most savage aspect: the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and there were distant mutterings in the air that portended a thunder-storm. As I looked round my gloomy room in the fading light, I could not help picturing with a sigh the brilliant ball-room at Southampton.

While thus meditating, there was a knock at my door. Before I could answer it, Körner stood before me. Even in the twilight I could perceive that his air was excited with a kind of forced gayety.

"How horribly dull you are here!" he cried. "Come up to my room; I have a cheerful fire and plenty of light, a bottle of good wine, an irreproachable cigar, and Mrs. Adams is preparing an appetizing little supper."

Now, after my one experience, I did not much care about passing the evening with Körner, so I began a polite apology about the necessity of study. But he impatiently interrupted me:

"Pshaw, man! it is the last opportunity you will have of refusing me."

"Are you going to leave us, then?" I inquired.

"Yes; my release is at hand, and I wish you to join me in celebrating it."

"Your release!" I reiterated.

"Yes; but we will not talk of it to-night; you will hear all about it to-morrow," he answered, lightly.

After that I could not refuse his invitation.

There was a strangeness in his manner that I could not understand, which impressed me disagreeably. He was as gay as a Frenchman; he laughed, told anecdotes and doubtful adventures, sang German student songs, and was so unlike himself, as I had previously known him, that at times I had serious doubts whether I was waking or dreaming.

"I astonish you," he cried. "I have cast aside what you call the blue-devils for to-night, and, as Shakspeare says, 'Richard's himself again:' what I was in my old student days, the merriest fellow within the walls of Bonn."

But I did not like his merriment—it was to me far more depressing than his gloom. I drank his hock, I smoked his cigars, and I laughed at his stories; but I felt all the time like one oppressed by a nightmare, and would have been delighted to have found an excuse to get down quietly to my own room.

In the mean time the storm was raging violently, the rain dashing in sheets against the windows, and we could hear the crash and moan of the forest as the wind rushed through the trees; and the thunder, nearing, though still distant, rolled sullenly through the air.

"A pleasant night for a journey!" he cried, in the light, jesting tone he had assumed throughout the evening.

"You are not going a journey to-night?" I said.

"No; but Fritz has gone. I shall not start upon my journey till to-morrow morning—a far longer one than Fritz's."

I shuddered, I knew not why.

"Now, my friend, it is time that we separate," he said suddenly, rising, and holding out his hand.

The intimation was sudden, and not strictly polite; but I took the hint with the most cheerful alacrity.

"Pardon my abruptness, but I must now prepare for my journey."

An odd time, I thought, to begin preparations for a journey. As I wished him good-night, I heard the rustling as of a woman's dress behind me, felt a movement in the air, and the sensation of a passing body, just as on my previous visit, and on Körner's face fell the same ghastly look. My nervous system was highly wrought, whether by the shadow of coming events, or by the electricity of the atmosphere, I know not; and without another word I hurried out of the room. As before, I heard the key turned in the lock; but, as before, I did not hurry down to my own room, for my limbs trembled so violently, and my head felt so dizzy, that I was obliged to lean against the wall for a moment, for fear of falling.

The tempest had reached its culminating point. The thunder-clouds were upon us, and sent forth peal upon peal, till the house trembled and shook as though swayed by an earthquake; the lightning flashed in sheets, and in streams of jagged fire, now blue as steel, now luridly red; the rain had abated, but the wind, rushing through the forest leaves, sounded as though a furious mountain torrent or a roaring sea was coming down upon us; while the branches crashed, and groaned, and shrieked, as the hurricane swayed and broke and hurled them one against another. Never have I heard so awful a contention of the elements. I can never recall the memory of that terrible night without a shudder. And there I stood in the full blaze of the lightning, as it shone through the staircase window, with the fascination of terror upon me.

Suddenly through the din of the storm there rose a sharp wailing cry, that curdled my blood and bristled my hair. It came from the room I had just left. By a sudden impulse, which I could never explain, I resolved to try and solve the awful mystery that was about me. There was but one way. Across the front of the house ran a narrow balcony. The window I was standing against was in a line with those of Körner's room. With the rain beating down upon my bare head, and the wind sweeping round me and almost lifting me off my feet, I crept on to this balcony, and between an opening in the curtains peered into Körner's room. And this is what I saw:

The room was blazing with light, just as I had left it. With his back toward me, quivering and crouching, was the form of Körner; facing the window, and looking into his face, stood a woman. Her dress was that of middle-class German life, but her face was the most lovely I ever beheld; the hair was of the brightest, rarest yellow, the complexion faultlessly pure; the eyes large, dreamy, and of a deep violet; the nose and mouth of the most perfect shape. While I gazed, fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, a hideous transformation took place before my eyes. The clothes faded from her form, her beauty melted away like a vapor, and in its place my horrified gaze was fastened on a skeleton, on a grinning loathsome skull, out of whose mouldering recesses crawled bloated obscene worms. The vision was but of a second's duration, and then I saw the bones crumble before my eyes, and the skull totter and fall.

I saw no more. A mist gathered before my eyes, and the sickness of death overpowered me; but as I fell I heard a loud explosion, which sounded unlike the thunder that a moment afterward mingled with its echoes.

When sense returned, I found myself lying upon the pavement of the balcony, saturated with rain, and cold as ice. The morning was just breaking; the storm had cleared away, all but the wind, which still blew hard, but in fitful, dying gusts. With a dazed brain, upon which still lingered the dark shadow of the horrors I had witnessed, but no substantial idea, I mechanically sought my own apartments, and in the same automaton fashion swallowed a large glass of brandy, undressed, got into bed, and without any further recollection fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by a sudden shock, and the sound of loud laughter. When I opened my eyes, I found myself upon the floor, and my friends from Stony Cross standing over me, convulsed with laughter at, I presume, my ridiculous and scared appearance. In returning from Southampton, they had come several miles out of their way to pay me a visit. Upon hearing I had not risen, heated with Champagne, and ready for any mischief, they entered my room, lifted me out of bed in my sheet, and bumped me not very gently upon the ground.

We had just sat down to breakfast when Mrs. Adams put her head in at the door, and beckoned me out mysteriously. "I beg your pardon, Sir, for interrupting you, but I am so uneasy about Mr. Körner that I couldn't contain myself any longer."

"What is the matter?" I asked, in great agitation.

"Well, you know he is an early riser, never in bed after six. It is now ten, and I have neither seen nor heard him. I have knocked at his door, and can get no answer."

"Where is the servant Fritz?" I inquired.

"He went away yesterday, saying he should not return for some days, and that I was to attend upon his master in the mean while."

I told her to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what could be done. All the horrors of the last night came vividly back upon my memory, filling me with evil forebodings. It was impossible to conceal my perturbation from my friends; and after a very little pressing, I told them of the housekeeper's fears, and certain of my own experiences; omitting all mention of what I had seen through the window, which would have excited only their ridicule.

The breakfast-table was abandoned; and while I proceeded to the German's chamber, the others waited the result at the farther end of the corridor. No answer was returned to my knock, and after a little hesitation we decided to send for a lock-smith, and make a forcible entry. No one thought of entering by the windows, and I dared not propose it; I could not for my life have looked through them again. In a very short time the lock was taken off, and the door thrown open. The room was darkened by the curtains, save in one spot, where the sunbeams streamed through an opening, and fell full and brightly upon an awful object—the upturned blood-bespattered face of the German. He was quite dead; his hand still grasped a discharged pistol—he had blown his brains out.

I need scarcely remark that I did not pass another night under that ill-omened roof, but at once accepted my friends' invitation to return home with them.

Of course you are now anxious to know the explanation of the mysterious spectre and all other mysteries. All that I can tell you upon the subject was gathered more from inferences than from direct information. In Körner's writing-desk was found the miniature of a lovely girl, which I immediately recognized as the face I had seen in my vision; and beside it was a strange and horrible letter, of which I made a copy at the time, and which, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus:

"When you read these lines I shall be no more. Living, I am powerless to avenge your wickedness to me; but if there is a just God, my revenge will reach you from the grave. I have prayed unceasingly to be directed to a retribution as awful as the misery you have brought upon me. My prayer has been heard, and, *mark me*, scoff as you will in your skeptical conceit, it will come to pass. In my dark hours of despairing agony, this is the vengeance I have engendered, and which I *will* execute. From the hour in which I draw my last breath I will haunt you. Fly to the furthermost extremities of the world, and my shadow shall still pursue you; alone or in a crowd, in the darkness of the night or in the brightest sunshine, you shall know no moment of your life in which I may not stand before you. And lest habit should in time dull the horror of my presence to your hard, godless soul, in each visitation you shall behold the progress of the corruption of the buried body as it festers in the earth. As the body is at the moment I stand before you, in that guise shall you see me. And when the last stage is reached, when the bones crumble into dust, then shall thy earthly career close. Pray, then, if you can, that the tortures you will endure in this life may mitigate those prepared for you in the next."

Putting together the little information I gathered at various times, chiefly through Mrs. Adams, I framed this story: At Bonn there lived one Adeline Sturm, a burgomaster's daughter. She was the beauty of the town, had been educated far above her station, and was as notorious for her haughty and disdainful pride as for her personal charms. All the young men were madly in love with her, but upon all she looked down with equal scorn. Karl Körner was at that time a student at the university. He was a scion of a noble family, strikingly handsome, heir to a fine fortune, and the most heartless libertine in Bonn. The stories he was continually hearing of this girl's unimpressible nature excited his pique, and over a debauch he laid a heavy wager with a fellow-student that he would win her love, degrade her pride, and abandon her. He succeeded too well in all that he proposed. It was an act of monstrous villainy; for he had not even the excuse of passion for accomplishing Adeline's ruin, while she loved him with all the fervor of her proud, powerful nature. Upon discovering the conspiracy of which she had been made the victim, she took poison. From that time Körner was accursed; he wandered from land to land, from one division of the globe to another, but nowhere finding peace or rest.

MONOLITH TEMPLES.

THE largest existing monolith temple in Egypt—*i. e.*, a temple hewed out of a single block of granite—is that of Tel-el-mai, on the Delta. It is 21 feet 9 inches high, 13 feet broad, and 11 feet 7 inches deep. Large as this structure is, it was exceeded by that of Amasis, which was also on the Delta, and which Herodotus states required three years to transport, with the aid of 2000 laborers, from Elephantine to Sais, a distance ordinarily of twenty days' Nilotic navigation. According to the same venerable authority, a third and still larger monolith temple was the glory of Latona, a city which stood on the western branch of the Nile, and distant about twenty miles from its mouth. "The most wonderful thing" (relates the father of profane history) "that was actually to be seen about this temple was a chapel in the inclosure made of a single stone, the length and height of which was the same, each wall being forty cubits square (sixty feet), and the whole a single block! Another block of stone formed the roof, and projected at the eaves to the extent of four cubits." According to these admeasurements, supposing the walls to have been only six feet thick, and the material granite, as in all other monoliths, this monument would weigh 7000 tons, being 76,032 cubic feet, without the cornice, which was placed on the roof. This cap-stone, although comparatively of inconsiderable weight—2400 tons, if six feet be taken for its thickness—displays a wonderful example of the union of skill and power in its elevation through the air to the altitude of more than sixty feet. If any doubt exists respecting the ability of the ancients to transport and uplift such enormous masses of stone as these, it is set at rest by M. Jomárd, the celebrated Egyptologist, who gives a sketch, in his work on Egypt, published by the French government, of a huge block of granite situated almost a quarter of a mile from the modern town of Syene, where it was abandoned for some unknown reason while on its way from the quarry. It bears numerous traces of instruments in the work on its surface, as well as evidences of its having been intended for a colossal statue. M. Jomárd's dimensions are—the largest $22\frac{3}{16}$ meters, and for the body and back $6\frac{1}{2}$ meters, or about 72, 21, and 21 English feet, which, at 13 cubic feet per ton, yields nearly 2500 tons! This block of granite is probably the largest in existence of which there is indisputable evidence of its having been moved by sheer manual force.

PIANO-FORTES.

WE extract the following interesting description of Piano-fortes from "Music and Morals," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, A.M., just published by Harper & Brothers.

Before the Piano-forte came the Harpsichord, and before the Harpsichord came the Spinet, and before the Spinet came the Virginal, and before the Virginal came the Clavichord and Monochord, before these the Clavicytherium, before that the Citole, before that the Dulcimer and Psaltery, and before them all the Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman harps, and lyres innumerable.

Some of the harps of antiquity were struck with a quill or "plectrum"—we know very little more about them except that some were round and some angular, some with three corners, some with more, some had ten strings, some thirteen; and modifications of these varieties formed the staple of stringed instruments in the Middle Ages. The Middle Ages, then, had harps of all kinds, and out of the harp grew the psaltery, the dulcimer, and citole. The Psaltery was a box with metal strings stretched over it; it was plucked with a quill. The Dulcimer was also a box with strings stretched over it, but it was *struck* with two crooked sticks. The Citole, or "little chest," was another box with strings stretched over it, but it was played with the fingers. And now, if we roll all these into one, we shall get the first glimmering notion or embryo of a piano. A piano involves three fundamental ideas: *Percussion* (hammer), *Vibration on sonorous box* (sounding-board), and *Finger-touch through mechanical action* (key-board). From the dulcimer, sometimes called *hacbret*, or hack-board (alas! how many young ladies go back to the Dark Ages, and turn their pianos into hack-boards!)—from the dulcimer we get *percussion with a hammer*, and from all three we get *the sonorous box*, or sounding-board; but no one had yet thought of that crowning glory—that now, at length, so perfect and subtile a minister of touch—the *key-board*. As early as the eleventh century the key-board was applied to the organ, and some time afterward an unknown Italian (perhaps Guido of Arezzo) adapted it to stringed instruments, and hence arose the Clavicytherium, or Keyed Lyre.

The Clavichord* (1500) was a real advance; it was in most respects like the Clavicytherium, with the restoration of metal strings and the addition of that *sine qua non* of all delicate effects of harmony—the damper. The damper, as every one knows, is a piece of cloth which descends upon the strings after they have been struck, to check the vibration and prevent the sounds running into one another.

The Clavicymbal differed only from the Clavichord in shape; it bore the same relation to the Clavichord that a small square piano does to an upright semi-grand.

With the Clavichord and Clavicymbal we enter civilized regions; instead of having to fall back upon unknown dulcimer players, copied from old manuscripts, and ladies out of stained windows with citoles on their laps, we have the solemn figure of old Sebastien Bach, with his neat periwig and silk stockings, thrumming those wonderfully melodious jigs and sarabands on his favorite instrument, the clavichord.

The Virginal and Spinet were still nearer approaches to the piano-forte; they were an improved and more expensive kind of clavichord; they were much in vogue toward the end of the sixteenth century, and were found chiefly in the Elizabethan boudoirs of the fine ladies of that stirring and romantic epoch. Here, for instance, is a description of Mary Queen of Scots' virginal: "It was made of oak, inlaid with cedar, and richly ornamented with gold; the cover and sides were beautifully painted with figures of birds, flowers, and leaves, and the colors are still bright. On the lid is a grand procession of warriors, whom a bevy of fair dames are propitiating by presents of wine and fruit."

Some think virginal refers to Elizabeth, who liked to be called the virgin queen. Dr. Johnson says it was a compliment to young ladies in general, who all liked to strum on the virginal. But another writer, with better judgment, reminds us how, in the pleasant twilights of convents and old halls, it served to lead sweet voices singing hymns to the Virgin. The very sound of the word "*virginal*" reminds one of St. Cecilia sitting, as Raphael has painted her, in a general atmosphere of music, with angels listening; or else the light should fall through stained glass upon old impaneled wainscots of dark oak, or upon purple velvet cushions and rich tapestry.

About the year 1700 the Virginal went out of fashion, and its place was finally taken up by the improved clavichord, called *Spinet*,† and later on harpsichord. In 1760 a first-class harpsichord by Rücker, the most celebrated maker, cost one hundred guineas. A grand harpsichord looked precisely like a grand piano, only it was provided with two key-boards, one above the other, the top one being to the bottom one very much what the swell key-board of the organ is to the main key-board. To every note there were four strings, three in unison, the fourth tuned an octave higher, and there were stops capable of shutting off or coupling any of these together. The *quality* of the sound depended upon the material of which the jack was made—whether, that is, the string was struck with cloth, quill, metal, or buff leather; the *quantity* did not depend, as in the piano, upon the finger-touch, but upon the number of strings coupled together by the stops. It now at last occurred to admirers of the harp and violin that all refinement of musical expression depended upon touch, and that whereas you could only pluck a string by machinery in one way, you might hit it in a hundred different ways.

The long-abandoned notion of striking the strings with a hammer was at length revived, and by the addition of this third and last element the harpsichord emerged into the Piano-forte. The idea occurred to three men at the same time, about the beginning of the eighteenth century—Cristofali, an Italian; Marius, a Frenchman; and Schröter, a German: the palm probably rests with the Italian, although so clumsy were the first attempts that little success attended them, and good harpsichords on the wrong principle were still preferred to bad pianos on the right one; but the key-note of the new instrument had been struck in more senses than one—the object of centuries was, in fact, accomplished—the age of the quill, pig's bristle, thorn, ivory tongue, etc., was rapidly drawing to its close. A small hammer was made to strike the string and awake a clear, precise, and delicate tone unheard before, and the "scratch with a sound at the end of it" was about to be consigned, after a long reign, to an eternal oblivion.

We can not wonder at the old harpsichord and clavichord lovers, even the greatest of them, not taking kindly at first to the piano-forte: the keys required a greater delicacy of treatment; it became necessary for musicians and amateurs to change their style of playing, and this alone was enough to hand over the new instrument to the rising generation. Silberman showed two of his piano-fortes to Sebastien Bach, who praised them as ingenious pieces of mechanism, but complained of their feebleness of tone. Silberman, nothing disconcerted, retired into his workshop, and, after some years of study, during which no expense was spared, he at last produced an instrument which even Bach, wedded as he was to the clavichord, pronounced to be "without fault." From that moment a rapid demand for Silberman's pianos rose throughout Germany; they could not be made fast enough.

But the man who, more than any other, made the piano and piano-forte music popular in England and all over the Continent was Muzio Clementi, born at Rome, 1752. At eighteen he composed his Op. II., which forms the basis of all modern piano-forte sonatas, and which, Sebastien Bach observed, only the devil and Clementi could play. Clementi was educated in England by the kindness of Mr. Beckford, and soon rivaled Bach as a popular teacher. In 1780 he went to Paris, and was perfectly astounded at his reception. He was dubbed the greatest player of the age, Mozart perhaps excepted. The pianos used by Mozart and Clementi were the last improved pianos of Stein, the successor of Silberman, with an extended compass of five octaves; yet, in comparison with the commonest pianos now in use, these were but miserable machines.

The following simple rules are more commonly known than observed. Keep your piano out of damp rooms; never place it too near the fire or the window, or between them, or in a draught, but place it at least a foot from the wall, or in the middle of the room. Do not load the top of it with books; and if it is a cottage, don't turn the bottom—as I have known some people do—into a cupboard for wine and dessert. Keep the keys carefully dusted, and always shut down the lid when you have done playing.

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* "Clavi," a key; "chorda," a string.

† From "spina," a thorn—hence "quill."

THE BLIND MEN'S CAFÉ.

THE remnants of old Paris are disappearing day by day. In these times of demolition quaint houses with precious sculptures, and ancient *moyen âge* hotels with their Gothic curiosities and Renaissance pinions—for the most part bearing historical souvenirs—have one by one fallen under the pickaxe of M. Haussmann's workmen, depriving the modern capital of the only side which linked it to the past. The Châtelet itself—that last marvel of the Middle Ages—passed but a few years ago through the hands of modern architects, and left of its original construction but the tower which had the honor to contain so many royal heads; Victor Hugo's cherished monument, the stately Notre Dame, shows traces of recent masonry; and perhaps the world will some day hear that the Sainte Chapelle also requires the help of the administrator's employés. *Paris qui s'en va* calls loudly for those who wish to see it to make all haste before it fades away forever. A few weeks since occurred the extinction of one of the most curious haunts of the old town. The celebrated Café des Aveugles (the Blind Men's Café), started by a mountebank one hundred years ago, has gone. Notwithstanding the fame which old age gave to it, it was unable to cope with the numerous cafés-concerts of a newer day.

Situate in the *sous-sol* of the house which stands opposite the theatre of the Palais Royal, visitors had to descend a long flight of steps before reaching the subterranean concert-room. The sight that offered itself was almost sinister: some ten blind men sat on a rough dais, composing the orchestra. They were nearly without exception old and worn men, recruited from the bridges of the *cité* and the street corners of the *rive gauche*; and the music they made was very shrill and very bad. The surrounding tradesmen and restaurants—Vefour, les Frères Provençaux, le Café des Gourmets—had employed every means in their power to get rid of their troublesome neighbors; but the blind men's concert had not existed for a hundred years to be removed on a moment's notice from the room, or rather the cellar, which it had rented since 1769. These poor old men played strange waltzes and ludicrous quadrilles without the slightest regard for *ensemble*. The entertainment of 1870 was well-nigh similar to that of 1770: a few chansonnettes were sung, and then came the great attraction—for the last eighty winters—of the night: the ventriloquist with a life-sized doll. This gentleman was immediately followed by a wild Indian, born in Batignolles, carefully colored and tattooed, and accoutred in a semi-Mexican, semi-Canadian garb. The *sauvage* uttered wild ejaculations, played a war-dance on five drums, simulated a prairie fight, and then disappeared as rapidly as he had come.

The public which frequented this Parisian Cave of Harmony was a special one. Old men and children especially were to be seen there. From time to time, but very seldom, a "provincial" family would descend the steep staircase, and retire with a firm belief as to the origin of the savage, until the latter, who sought any thing but to conceal his Parisian stock, addressed them in pure French. Although a pensioner of Les Invalides always stood at the door, for reasons unknown, no entrance fee was required. The visitors were informed by a printed bill on the wall that they would be required to renew their orders three times during the performance, to make up for free admittance. Old bookworms of the Rue de Seine were the most assiduous habitués; in fact, one could see them night after night in the same seat, in the same attitude, and sipping the same *petits verres*. The Café des Aveugles brought them back to the time of their youth. Anisette and crême de Moka were their favorite drinks. Tobacco was in no favor; here and there a few cigars, but nothing more. Men of the old régime, wearing white cravats and dress-coats, might be discovered in secluded corners of the room. The public and the actors were indescribably mingled; the stage was certainly not three yards broad, and bore a greater resemblance to a *traiteau* of the fourteenth century than to a modern stage, however modest. There was no curtain, no scenery, no musical director, no stage manager; two or three lamps replaced the foot-lights, and a screen was the whole theatrical apparatus. When the *jeune première* crossed the miniature stage from right to left, the *jeune premier* was compelled to stand sideways to give her passage. When the action was supposed to take place in a palace, or in a garden, or in a street, the proprietor of the Café des Aveugles would thrust his head from behind the screen and announce the fact in a stentorian voice.

Until 1867 the *surannè* café-concert retained a full flavor of the stiff, formal, and morose deportment of the Restoration. Odd expressions, out of fashion for years past, struck the ears of casual visitors. It seemed as if the audience had been sitting listening for the last thirty years. Every thing tended to complete the illusion—the dim lights, the pensioner at the door, the drinks, and the conversation. But during the last four years many assiduous habitués died or disappeared. No one cared to take their places. Several blind men abandoned the orchestra for their old corners on the quays; the ventriloquist was killed in the war; the savage left for more remunerative occupations; and a few weeks ago the old concert, which had so long thrived beside the fashionable throng of the Palais Royal, and retained its peculiar cachet in the midst of Parisian transformations, closed its doors.

OUR WHALE-FISHERIES.

THE United States whale-fishery is rapidly declining. In 1841 the arctic fle[illegible] consisted of 50 vessels, in 1846 of 262, in 1851 of 138, in 1856 of 107, and in 1870 of 40. The highest number ever employed was 278, in 1852. The fleet of 1871 consisted of 58 vessels. Of these 33 were lost in the ice near the close of the year. The remaining vessels brought back only 3070 barrels of oil and 27,981 pounds of whalebone, against 57,285 barrels of oil and 756,550 pounds of whalebone brought back by the fleet the year before. The importations of catchings the last year were 41,254 barrels of sperm-oil, 76,105 barrels of whale-oil, and 594,811 pounds of whalebone; which was a decrease from the previous year of 13,929 barrels of sperm-oil, an increase of 3414 barrels of whale-oil, and a decrease of 113,554 pounds of whalebone. The import of sperm-oil last year was lower than it has been since 1866, of whale-oil about the same as for the last nine years, amounting in 1861 to 136,297 barrels; of whalebone, lower than it has ever been before, amounting in 1861 to 1,125,374 pounds, and in 1853 to 5,652,300 pounds. The exports to foreign countries during last year were 22,156 barrels of sperm-oil, 18,141 barrels of whale-oil, and 387,199 pounds of whalebone, against 22,773 barrels of sperm-oil, 9872 barrels of whale-oil, and 347,918 pounds of whalebone the year before. The amount of sperm and whale oils consumed in this country was about the same last year as the year before, but more than 100,000 pounds more of whalebone was used in 1871 than in 1870. During the year 1871 only one vessel was added to the whaling fleet of the country, and 72 were withdrawn for various causes. Of this number 30 have been turned to other uses; the others were destroyed or condemned. The total number of vessels in the whaling business is 223. Of these 144 belong to New Bedford, 22 of which are ships. On the 31st of December, 1870, the whaling fleet consisted of 284 vessels. The tonnage of the present fleet is 52,572; the tonnage the year before was 69,245.